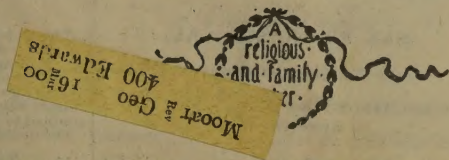


THE PACIFIC



Volume XLIX

Number 6

Power of the Cross.

WHATEVER may be the truth as to the nature, relations and purposes of Christ, no one doubts that his life stands as the mightiest and most uplifting force that has entered into human history. The cross upon which that life went out is its accepted symbol. From the hour when beneath the darkness brooding over Calvary "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent," that cross has expressed the great appeal from that unseen yet Infinite Power which makes for righteousness to the individual and the race to "come up higher." Under the mystic power of its touch the face of the world has changed. Constantine saw it flaming in the heavens, and imperial Rome became Christian Rome. Peter the Hermit lifted it up, and all Europe followed Richard Coeur de Lion to the walls of Jerusalem. Columbus fastened it to the prow of his vessel, and it led the way across unknown waters to an unknown continent. Every voyager of the New World came bearing the cross. The individual has felt its touch. Before it, as the supreme expression of self-sacrifice, selfishness has lost its power; passion has softened and hate has faded away; love has blossomed as the fragrant flower of the soul; purity has become possible; all human relations have grown more sweet and tender, and the home has become a heaven upon earth.—Justice Brewer.

THE PACIFIC

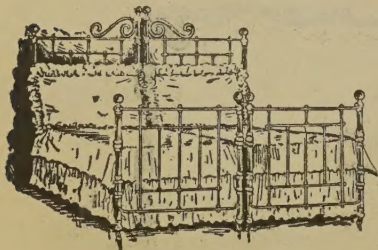
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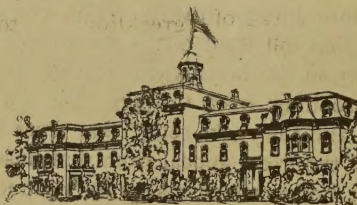
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 8 February: 1900

Thy Work.

"Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay."



A friend of The Pacific writes: "I have read with much interest the editorial on 'The Clergyman Who is Growing Old.' I am one of those who are approaching the fatal line, and I have been made to feel it quite keenly during some months past." He then adds that he has disposed of some town property in another State and is arranging to enter the ranks of those who get a livelihood from the soil. He expresses the opinion that his present pastorate will be his last one, that it will not continue long, and that ere many months roll around he will be giving his time to horses and cows and chickens and pigs, instead of in the preparation of sermons and in the Christian nurture of souls. He says in this connection: "I would fight the growing-old question a little longer if I had the nervous force; but the outdoor life will probably be best for me." The present writer has known this pastor for nearly twenty years. He will make a good farmer and will be happy on the farm; and he will always be a Christian worker. But he has, for more than a score of years, been a good preacher and pastor, successful wherever he has been. And it does seem rather hard that as the half-century point draws near for him, and when a change of place seems best both for him and his church, that the peculiar conditions of the ministry should constrain him to depart from his chosen life-work into a new and untried work. The demand for such men ought to be such as to make it almost impossible for them to leave the active work of the ministry.



"No blessing was ever pronounced on the miser's mite."

The date for the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress is May 17th-22d. A circular issued a few days ago states that this will be "more a popular rally than a parliament, more a forecasting of things than an attempt to settle them." The representation in the Congress will be as follows: Two delegates at large from each local Association, with one additional for every additional ten, or fraction of ten churches in an Association; also two delegates from every church outside of Northern California. It is hoped that arrangements can be made for the entertainment of all Congregational visitors, whether delegates or not, from places outside of Northern California. For four days the meetings will be held in the First church of San Francisco; for two, in the First of Oakland. Among the subjects for consideration are the following: "Congregationalism on the Pacific Coast," "The Pacific Coast Churches and the Orient," "The Home Missionary Field," "Future Relation of West and East—as Viewed both from the East and the West," "Church Expansion and Elimination," "Progress and Possibilities of Benevolences," "Evangelization of Foreign Races Resident Here," "The Social Side of the Kingdom," "Forms of Church Life for the Coming Century," "Education," "Relation of the Church to the Young." Subdivisions of these topics are such as to make an admirable program.



The different foreign missionary societies in the United States spent \$4,710,430 during the past year. The Churchman says: "From the economic point of view the most efficient administration seems to be that of the American Board of the Congregationalists, who, with \$644,200 maintain 3,684 workers, at 1,426 stations, and have the largest number of converts and persons under instruction."

Mr. Sheldon's Proposed Newspaper Experiment.

The experiment in newspaper publication soon to be made by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, at Topeka, Kansas, will be watched with much interest everywhere. It is not to be expected that Mr. Sheldon will, in one week's time, solve the newspaper problem which has long pressed upon the minds and hearts of people in all parts of the country, who are desirous of a paper fit to place in the hands of all persons in the home, giving in its columns that which makes for real true life, rather than those things which are trivial and debasing. But his effort will be suggestive.

Some of the daily papers are saying that the experiment will prove nothing. We, on the contrary, believe that it will prove much. With here and there an exception, the daily papers of this country are not satisfactory to the majority of the people. Too much attention and place are given to the publication of the crimes and scandals of life, too little to those events which show that mankind really has more of the good than of the evil, and that the world is ever moving forward. The daily papers do not record the life of the nation and of the world as it has been enacted during any week of the year, and any one to correctly arrive at the condition of our people at any time in our history during the past two or three decades would need to study carefully many other channels of information than the columns of the daily press. Those columns would lead only to the conclusion that our own nation, and the whole wide world as well, were going rapidly to the devil, and that in greater part they had already reached that satanic condition and abiding-place. This is because there is not in the daily paper a proper proportion as to news. One of the cleanest daily papers in the United States said a few days ago: "The newspaper that succeeds must maintain a grade of taste at least a little above the average taste of its readers. The question which its editors must decide every day is whether the matter offered will interest any considerable number of readers. A newspaper is something like a hotel, and must offer something that each customer likes." That editorial statement gives the newspaper situation exactly. The editors believe that a majority of the people like the

dishes of crime and scandal set before them from day to day, and so they not only prepare them in great quantity, but they give them the most prominent place and the most enticing setting at the daily banquet.

The newspapers need to be brought to understand that they are not by their present course of procedure consulting the tastes and meeting the wants and needs of the majority of the people. Mr. Sheldon has it in his power to show them this. During the second week in the month of March he can publish *The Topeka Daily Capital* in such a manner as to commend it to the people of the whole country. It will have large circulation that week. Orders are pouring in from all quarters. The paper will be read and commented on as none other ever has been. Thus will the daily press receive suggestions and hints which will not only enlighten it as to the sentiments and desires of the people, but will, if it is truly wise, lead to its reformation somewhat.

But the *Topeka Capital* will be published as a high-order daily for only one week. The publication of such a paper as Mr. Sheldon contemplates could not be continued successfully in Topeka or elsewhere at the present time without a large amount of capital. It would require a million or more dollars to establish such a paper in Chicago, and it is not likely that the money for such a purpose will be soon forthcoming. A man with a few million dollars for some good purpose could not use it in any better way than by the expenditure of it in the upbuilding of such a paper. It would do more good than money given for colleges. It may be that Mr. Sheldon will be able to find capital for such a purpose after he has presented his experiment.

We have often thought, during recent years, that the time would never come when the right kind of daily paper would be found in the homes of the land until one could be published in some central city, like Chicago, and delivered on the day of its publication even here on the Pacific Coast. There is every reason to believe that ere many decades of the twentieth century roll around there will be the means for the transportation of at least light freight from Chicago to San Francisco within fifteen hours. This would require a speed of only one hundred and fifty miles an hour. A prom-

ment electrician stated recently that electricity would be applied in a few years so as to give a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, and ultimately one hundred and seventy-five, and economically. In that coming day when the Californian can land his afternoon-picked fruit in the Chicago markets the next morning, we have no doubt that a daily paper will be established in some central location in the United States, which will correctly report and represent the life of our people and of the world, and which will do much toward carrying humanity on to better living. The things which operated against the success of the New York Daily Witness a few years ago, and led to its failure, will not thus operate against such a daily in that coming day. The field of the Witness was too limited. Thousands of people wanted to take it, in the Middle States, and did take it for a while; but it did not reach them until the second and third day after its publication, and so it failed to meet the need which the daily nearer home met. But notwithstanding this fact, very many gave it the preference to the last.



Dr. Adams on Modern Protestant Orthodoxy.

Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Adams, pastor of the First Congregational church of San Francisco, spoke in the Unitarian church of Oakland on "The Claims of Modern Protestant Orthodoxy." This address was at the request of the Young People's Union of the Unitarian church of Oakland, being the third in a series. Dr. Adams referred pleasantly to the two speakers who had preceded him, saying that he highly esteemed the first—Rabbi Voorsanger—and that he had no doubt that an acquaintance with Father Wyman, the second speaker in the series, would reveal qualities that would endear him. He said that his presence in a Unitarian church brought to mind a pleasant hearty greeting given him in San Francisco, soon after he had entered on the pastorate of the First Congregational church. One day a stranger sought him in his home, and with extended hand and hearty manner said, "God bless you; I am glad you have come." The one who thus gave welcome, he said, was the Rev. Dr. Stebbins of the Unitarian church, San Francisco. Dr. Adams said that he had never talked theology with Dr. Stebbins, and

never expected to do so; but they loved each other, he said, and always would. In his reference to the Roman Catholic church he said that it should not be forgotten that it was the old church; that it had come down from Christ. However, all who sought authority there would fail to find it. Newman sought it, and rest, too, but did not find them.

Tribute was paid to Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli and Calvin, and he said that he disliked to hear people speak disparagingly of their ancestors; that we could not afford to throw brickbats at the noble thinkers of the past; that the characters of our fathers had been fashioned by the teachings of such as Calvin. Nevertheless, there had been growth, an advance since these men lived and thought and wrote, and the orthodoxy of the present was not the orthodoxy of the past; that the old Puritan, John Robinson, had uttered a great truth when he said that there was more light yet to break forth from God's Word. And it was his opinion that Channing and others would never have broken ranks if Protestant orthodoxy had been as liberal a century ago as it is to-day. Nor would they have gone out had they been as patient as Christian scholars are to-day.

As to what really was orthodoxy, it was for each to decide for himself, he said. He thought himself orthodox. But he did not believe in some of the old-time theories of inspiration, and the Higher Critics were regarded as godly men, some of them in error and hasty in conclusion, yet honestly seeking after God and truth—noble men in general.

In speaking of the Trinity reference was made to the Apostolic expression, "God above all, through all, and in all." And God was presented as transcendent, as manifest in nature and in Christ, and as dwelling in us. Jesus Christ was said to have come to reveal God's love to us, and he who knows what Christ is knows what God is. No effort was made to argue concerning the orthodox claims of Christ as divine, but the position was plainly stated—"God manifest in the flesh."

While speaking concerning conversion James Freeman Clarke, who so freely criticises orthodoxy, was quoted in the admission that liberal Christianity often erred in putting all stress on growth. In the scientific realm degeneration was shown to be a fact, and it

was asked, "Why, not a fact as to the soul?" Regeneration was shown to be just as possible as degeneration. Transformations in character gave evidence of it. Some wonderful transformations were cited, trend of the lives being entirely changed. Christian heredity was given recognition, and it was set forth as the Protestant orthodox doctrine that the children of Christian parents often came into the kingdom entirely unaware of the time when they crossed the line.

It was said in conclusion that Protestant orthodoxy exalted the educated conscience, and the importance of listening to the voice of God in the heart of the believer.

Modern Protestant orthodoxy, as Dr. Adams presented it, certainly shows strong claims for consideration and acceptance. We have no doubt that there were many persons present who had little idea as to its reasonableness. In their minds it was loaded, doubtless, with things grievous and burdensome—the impedimenta of past centuries. We wonder whether some liberal thinkers did not go away saying, substantially, "If that is orthodoxy, then orthodoxy is the thing for me." And yet Dr. Adams said nothing compromisingly—just what he is accustomed to say among the strictest of his own brethren.



An Industry or a Robbery.

There are to-day one hundred and ninety-eight licensed saloons within the city limits of Oakland. Do these constitute a legitimate industry, or is their business legalized robbery? Test them by the fundamental law of honest business, a fair exchange of values; do they conform to this? Judge of them by the worth of a man to himself, to society, to God; are they promotive of true manhood? What is their relation to the prosperity of the community, as distinguished from the enrichment of the few? Are their characteristic social affiliations virtuous or vicious? Does it strike one as something shocking and incredible to be told that "crap" games and other forms of gambling are carried on secretly behind barred and bolted doors in the rear of saloons? That they are the resort of criminals plotting crime, or to brace themselves for some nefarious work? That the ruin of innocent girls is deliberately planned or accomplished there? It would meet with general incredulity in the

case of a dry-goods or a hardware store; but how as regards a saloon? It would be a sight strange as well as sad, were one of our reputable merchants brought before the police court and charged with using his store to cover such atrocities. To have those charges sustained by credible testimony would send a thrill of horror through every decent citizen. How is it that in the case of a saloon-keeper it provokes no wonder, only an indignant outcry against the accursed traffic?

This is our position. We deny that the saloon transacts legitimate business. We denounce it as a public foe, like the crafty Bedouin, swooping down upon the passing caravan; like the cutthroat buccaneer, preying upon peaceful commerce; bad from start to finish, without a single redeeming feature.

In spirit it is supremely selfish, wholly one-sided in its profits, animated by no generous motive, pursued solely for the money there is in it. Any business may, it is true, be conducted selfishly, without regard to honesty or honor. But the saloon differs from any other legalized occupation in that it cannot be other than selfish. Its evils arise not from perversion of a good thing, but are the natural outworking of something inherently evil. Inevitably and always its success bodes ill to the community. A saloon cannot be other than a social Ishmaelite.

The appetite to which it panders is a depraved appetite, needing restraint rather than indulgence. The traffic cannot be defended on the score of the customer's health or of good order in the community. If otherwise why such careful restrictions upon it—its prohibition on election days and holidays, in residence districts, or in the neighborhood of schools? It is a selfish, dangerous business, and the saloon-keeper knows it. His pleas are subterfuges. They may hoodwink the unreflecting public, but no one else.

Doesn't the saloon make trade? some one may ask. Whose trade? That it makes money circulate cannot be denied—true, just as the water rushes round and round in a maelstrom, downward into the yawning pit. The saloon is that maelstrom, the saloon-till the inevitable gulf. But general business, legitimate trade, traffic in articles of real value, is not promoted; it is retarded by the saloon, and by what follows in its wake.

Recall that infamous "Brewers' Picnic" which a few years ago inflicted its disgrace upon Niles Canyon and carried sorrow to many hearts. That was avowedly a business proposition, gotten up and carried out in the interests of trade. Its promoters probably changed their minds as to the profitability of their venture before the bestial carousal was ended. But its memory will long remain to give the lie to their philanthropic claims. May we not, however, treat this as a mistake, regrettable truly and deplored by none more than themselves, not likely to be repeated? The facts are that it was pressed forward in spite of warnings and in defiance of protest; and that in its most objectionable features it has been repeated in scores of disgraceful Sunday picnics.

But to charge the saloon with supreme selfishness is only half the count. The traffic is cruel, unspeakably cruel, as well as selfish. One cannot walk a city street or read a daily paper without having this feature pressed upon him. Debased humanity, desolated homes, broken hearts, sickness, poverty and death, rampant godlessness, violence and crime—here, there, and everywhere, fling back their curse upon the saloon. "It has robbed men of their souls and fed hell with them to its surfeit"; but where has it lifted one to a higher ideal of life, brought back the lost manhood to one of sin's victims, transformed one cheerless home, or added to even the material prosperity of a single community—when?

From the wide-reaching inhumanity of the traffic there is no exemption. It blights whatever it touches. Its promoters are also its victims. The saloon-keeper is apt to sink into the same pit he digs for others. Even if he does not his lot is a hard one, compelled as he is to look upon so much sin and misery, and see his own hand in it. What wonder if such men hate their business—and they do. In their better moments many do painfully realize the galling fetters which bind them to the detested occupation. Like Laocöon they writhe in the tightening coils of this hideous serpent. Like one caught in fatal machinery and forced to do its deadly work, they vainly struggle to escape—poor victims of a modern Moloch! It is in their behalf, therefore, as truly as for others, that Christian philanthropy steps in to free our communities from this selfish and cru-

el traffic. It is the craft and not the craftiness which the Anti-Saloon League and co-operating agencies antagonize. They do it in the spirit of love, not of hate. And in doing this service for humanity they ask for, as they need, the sympathy and aid of all who love God and their fellow-men.

Prof. F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary expects to start the 26th of this month for the East. Early in March he is to deliver a course of lectures at Princeton, on the Stone lectureship foundation. This course is an annual one, and this is the fourth time a Congregationalist has been asked to occupy the position. Profs. Fisher, Mead and Scott have preceded Prof. Foster in this lectureship. Next year the lectures will be given by Prof. Minton of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. After Prof. Foster finishes the series at Princeton he is to give them at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa., and later at Bradford, England. On the trip across the Atlantic and for awhile in England the Professor will be accompanied by the Rev. George B. Hatch, pastor of the First church of Berkeley. It is thought that about five months will be required for the trip. Mr. Hatch expects to go to France and other places on the continent. Although our Theological Seminary year extends about half a dozen weeks beyond the time of Prof. Foster's departure, he has so worked as to be able to bring his allotments for the year to a finish before that date.

Two remarks well worth repeating were made by the Rev. Dr. Cherington at a recent meeting of the Congregational ministers. They were concerning the New Theology and Higher Criticism. Concerning the first, he said that many of the new positions were not at all new to him, that they were Arminian, and that as an Arminian in theology he had long known them and accepted them. Concerning the Higher Criticism, he said that he was growing more conservative and was much less inclined to accept its findings than he was some years ago. We have no doubt that Dr. Cherington's experience as to the Higher Criticism is being duplicated over and over again throughout Christendom. And his statement as to the New Theology could be surprising only to a Calvinist.

Notes.

The foreign missionary societies of the United States have 3,478 missionaries working in foreign lands, and 17,300 native helpers. The native Christians contributed to the work last year more than six hundred thousand dollars.

Alaska has the honor of sending the first report this year for the Congregational Year Book. It came from the church at Douglas, and was sent by the pastor, the Rev. H. Hammond Cole. This is one of the instances where the last is first.

The Presbyterians of the State of Washington have abolished the office of Synodical Superintendent, and their home missionary work will be carried on by the different prebyteries, which now number five. It is thought that in this way greater efficiency and economy in the use of missionary funds can be secured. In some of the presbyteries a missionary is to be employed.

General O. O. Howard, speaking at a recent New England Club meeting, referred to the Philippine question as follows: "If Dewey gave us a new world, my boy gave his blood to protect it, and we cannot afford to throw away so dearly bought an heritage." And it is said that the whole company arose and cheered the veteran commander at this pathetic utterance.

To any of our present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber for The Pacific, with the regular subscription price, \$2, we will mail, postpaid, a copy of Dr. Holbrook's "Recollections of a Nonagenarian." Here is a fine opportunity to get an excellent book, and at the same time extend the circulation of a paper that ought to be in every Congregational home on the Pacific Coast. The regular price of the book offered is \$1.25. So fine an offer ought to bring us several hundred new names. Dr. Holbrook's desire to see the circulation of The Pacific extended has led him to make it possible for us to make this offer.

The project for a tunnel under the bay connecting San Francisco and Oakland is being agitated again. Before San Francisco becomes the greatest city on the continent the tunnel will be constructed. It will not cost any more than some of the railroad tunnels through the mountains. When that time comes where will the big city be? Will it be on the San Francisco side of the bay? Or will it be on the Oakland side? Many people believe that it will be on the Oakland side; that it cannot well be anywhere else. Oakland is gradually moving forward, her estimated population now being 85,000; that of Alameda about 17,000, and of Berkeley 16,000. Here is the beginning of quite a city. The harbor improvements, for which many are

working, would place Oakland where she could move rapidly forward to the front.

Church Extension Society.

The Congregational Extension Society of San Francisco and vicinity will meet this year with the Market Street Congregational church, corner Market and Eighteenth streets, Oakland, on Monday evening, February 19th, at 5:30 p. m. The ladies of the church will provide a collation for the members and their guests at twenty-five cents each. Dr. Geo. C. Adams and Prof. C. S. Nash will be the speakers of the evening, and a most enjoyable occasion is anticipated.

The By-Laws of the Society contain the following provisions relating to membership:

"Each evangelical Congregational church in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and vicinities, and likewise the faculty of the Pacific Theological Seminary, may choose each year two persons from its membership, also a third person for the first \$100, and a fourth person for the second \$100 contributed to this Society during the current fiscal year, to be annual members of this Society. The persons so elected shall, together with the pastors of said churches, be members for one year from the next annual meeting. Written notice of such elections shall be given by said bodies to the secretary of this Society.

"If at any annual meeting, or at any other time, any of said churches shall fail to be represented as herein provided, the directors may elect from the membership of the unrepresented churches as many members as are necessary to supply such deficiency."

In addition to the two regular delegates mentioned above, churches are invited to select three honorary delegates each for this special meeting. The churches above mentioned are requested to elect their annual members and honorary delegates *at once*, and to report names and addresses to the Secretary without delay. It is important that his list should be completed by the 12th inst.

The By-Laws require that the directors be elected in San Francisco. The *legal* annual meeting of the Society will therefore be held in San Francisco, Monday, February 26, 1900, at 12:15 p. m., in the Congregational Rooms, Young Men's Christian Association Building, corner Ellis and Mason streets, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors and for the transaction of other business.

Members who cannot attend both meetings should by all means attend the social gathering at Market Street church, on February 19th. The intention is to take advisory action at that meeting on all business matters, which will simply be confirmed by the annual meeting one week later.

C. Z. Merritt,
Secretary.

1913 Telegraph avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Origin of the Anglo-Boer War.

[Captain A. T. Mahan in the New York Times.]

In view of the failure in so many quarters to appreciate the real origin of this war, it may be desirable to emphasize the fact that Great Britain did not demand the franchise for the Uitlanders. Sir Alfred Milner, her representative at the Bloemfontein conference last June, admitted implicitly that the franchise was a matter of the internal affairs of the Transvaal, control of which Great Britain had formally renounced. He said only that, in view of the many complaints of injustice made by British subjects there resident, and concerning which Great Britain had to make representations—as she would in like conditions to the United States—it was suggested that an extension of the franchise would of itself constitute a remedy, which would silence most complaints, and so remove causes of friction between the two countries. Kruger objected that, as the Uitlanders much exceeded the Boers in number—a significant fact, little regarded by American sympathizers with so-called republics—the granting of suffrage to all would swamp the older inhabitants. This Milner at once admitted was too much to be expected; he said only that some representation, a possibility of returning one-fourth of the principal house—the first Volksraad, which practically controls legislation—would enable them to make their voices heard on the floor of the representation of the state, and to influence legislation, which it is needless to say they could not have controlled with such a proportion. Under the pressure of the situation, the Transvaal government proposed eventually to submit to the Legislature terms of franchise similar to those indicated by Milner, but with the offer they coupled conditions irrelevant to franchise, which the British government refused to accept; whereupon the offer was withdrawn. It appears, therefore, that the willingness to allow a reasonable representation to the population which produced nineteen-twentieths of the revenue, did not exist, independent of external urgency, such as that exercised by Great Britain on behalf of the Uitlanders, most of whom were her subjects, but among them many citizens of other nationalities, none of whom, of course, were willing to renounce their native citizenship so long as they could not, simultaneously with its relinquishment, obtain the privileges of Transvaal citizens, which under the law they could not.

Persons who will look carefully into this matter will find that the Boers doubtless are, in their own opinion, fighting to preserve their own liberty, but they have been brought into this dilemma because national liberty was in Mr. Kruger's mind inseparably associated with the right of a dominant minority, sole possessors of political power—in other words,

an oligarchy—to oppress a majority, to tax it heavily, and to refuse it representation. The cause of the Uitlanders is in principle identical with that of the American Revolutionists.

There are in the United States at present about 250,000 red men, of which number about 66,000 are found in the "Five Civilized Tribes" constituting the Indian Territory proper, and forming well-to-do communities with their own schools, churches and courts. In addition to these tribes we find 55,467 individual Indians holding allotments of their own, containing 6,708,628 acres, of which 1,066,368 acres are under fence. They occupy 25,000 dwelling houses; have 286 church buildings, and number 28,351 communicants in Christian churches. Of their children, 61 per cent are enrolled in government or denominational schools, and in one tribe as high as 95 per cent attendance is reached. Among the 33,000 Sioux, the Iroquois of the West, and up to 1862 the least tractable and most dreaded, 8,000 are members of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, and one of the most trusted and best-beloved pastors was taken as a young man prisoner, red-handed, after the New Ulm massacre. About 40,000 of these Indians, not in the five tribes, can read, and more can speak, English. They break about 33,000 additional acres each year, and build 358 miles of new roads annually, while erecting 9,000 miles of new fencing. They own 1,000,000 swine and 675,000 horses and cattle. The 471 pupils at Carlisle have in a single season deposited \$15,000 of surplus earnings in their savings bank.

Another record-breaking run of the "fast mail" train of the Burlington road was made a few days since. The train, pulled by the famous engine 1592, left Burlington, Ia., thirty-six minutes late, and arrived in Chicago on time. The distance is 206 miles, and was covered in 209 minutes, including all stops. The run of eighty-three miles from Mendota to Chicago was made in seventy-six minutes—the best time ever made between those points. The forty-six miles between Mendota and Aurora was covered in thirty-nine minutes. Nearly all the way there was a heavy head wind, and the train was unusually heavy, having a big lot of foreign mail. Deducting the time for mail and water, the average rate of speed of the train was about eighty miles an hour. During some spurts it is believed that a speed of ninety miles an hour was attained.

Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts, in praising the Pilgrim and Puritan founders of the colony of Massachusetts recently, put an old truth in a new, apt setting when he said that "with a great purpose there is no such thing as a small beginning."

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. John D. Parker.

Distinguished jurists have conceded that the Decalogue is sufficient evidence in itself to prove that the Israelites were the chosen people, and that the Bible is the Word of God, for the Bible is one book, and if one part is inspired the whole must be inspired, as a maple leaf must come from a tree which is all maple. When we study history we learn how slowly all other nations have made progress in spiritual ideas. When we read the Decalogue intelligently, it is easy to believe that Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire, and that the Ten Commandments were written by the finger of God. In all the centuries no flaw has ever been found in the Moral Law, which touches every point of human nature. The First Commandment is God's statute in regard to monotheism; the Second, in regard to idolatry, for there can be no counterfeits in the divine kingdom; the Third, in regard to profanity; the Fourth, in regard to time; the Fifth, in regard to the family; the Sixth, in regard to life; the Seventh, in regard to moral purity; the Eighth, in regard to property; the Ninth, in regard to truth; and the Tenth, in regard to covetousness. The New Commandment given by the Lord is supplemental, and may be called the Fountain of Brotherly Love. To the student of history it is evident that the Moral Law must have dropped out of heaven, for it is radiant with divine wisdom. There is not a superfluous word in it, and nobody can take from or add a word to it without marring its perfection and beauty. There is more wisdom in the Decalogue than in the moral teachings of all the world besides. Socrates, Solon, Confucius, Zoroaster, and all heathen philosophers and teachers fall down before the Decalogue, for the chariot of God is passing by. When one studies Hebrew, and sees how much space is taken up by the Hebrew letters, he does not wonder that the two tables of the law were written (Ex. xxxii: 15) on both sides.

* * *

Some people have likened clergymen to the drones in the hive. They seem to think that a clergyman obtains his education at the expense of his friends, fills up his barrel with sermons, and then floats about preaching old sermons, and living on the churches. Certainly, this is not true of many clergymen. Recently the writer called on a retired clergyman, who responded immediately to the call, and invited his callers into his library, which was invited his caller into his library, which was full of books, and began to talk in a familiar, pleasant way of his work. Taking up some manuscript, he read a few paragraphs from a paper he was writing, on "The Law of Prob-

abilities," and then he handed his caller one of his recent books, entitled "Final Destiny." In response to an inquiry, the clergyman said he had preached sixty years; for nearly thirty years he was pastor of the largest church in an Eastern city. The church was always full—the seats and aisles and galleries, many being compelled to sit on the pulpit platform and stairs. He had collected a cabinet worth twenty thousand dollars, consisting of shells, minerals and fossils, which he had given to a Western college, that built a special building to hold it. His wife, who had gone to paradise, spoke six foreign languages, and the clergyman spoke the principal languages of Europe. They lived in several countries of Europe for some years, and were always supposed by the people to be natives of each country where they were staying. This clergyman had also quite a reputation as a painter in oil colors, and a hundred beautiful paintings hanging on the walls attested his proficiency in art. He said he never worked with more elasticity and enthusiasm than at the present time, and was constantly writing for the press. It is needless to say that his good name is in all the churches. When the caller inquired his age, he said he was only eighty-four years old, and added that he was living in the vestibule of heaven, but did not seem anxious to depart this life. As this clergyman, with an elastic step, accompanied his visitor to the door, and gave him in parting a warm grasp of the hand, his visitor thought surely the age of patriarchs has not yet passed away.

* * *

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the American people are highly favored. Geographers claim that the North American continent is the best of all the continents. In all that makes for the highest civilization—in length of coast line, in mountain ranges that yield precious ores and building materials, in navigable lakes and rivers, in the ten geographical forests possessing valuable timber, in arable land and fertility and variety of soil, in immense coal fields yielding all varieties of coal, in excellency and variety of climate, in valuable productions varying from those growing in the sunny South to the great lakes, in the best government under the sun, in the best public school system in the world, in institutions and material of learning, in invention and business enterprises—the American people have a goodly heritage. Does it not fulfill the prophecy of Noah, who said, "God shall enlarge" (Gen. ix: 27) "Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem."

East Orange, N. J.

Remember that a large part of the value of a gift lies in the fact that it was carefully as well as lovingly selected.

A Disjointed Confession.

By A. P. Reacher.

1. The Family Name.

My full confession has never been written, and, please God, it never shall be. Not but that the world would be immensely benefited by a knowledge of my inner history, and is a great loser because of my repugnance to prominence; but this cannot be said to enter into the question either one way or the other; certainly not with such weight as the probability that, if I should confess, I should have the privilege of standing between the frankness of Augustine and the shamelessness of Rousseau on the library shelf. I have a notion that I do not half understand myself, else I should understand better the world and God. Renan wrote to Amiel one day, "The man who has time to keep a private diary has not understood the immensity of the universe." But Renan was a Frenchman, and as superficial here as elsewhere, and probably had never read:

"Flower in the crannied wall,

If I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Then I am not sure of absolute honesty when dealing with myself. George Eliot has warned us against believing that private prayer is necessarily honest, and Victor Hugo has declared that, "however sincere and pure we may be we all have the brand of a little white lie on our candor." When we hear confessions we know that the man tells his side of the story, and we wonder what the other fellow would say if he had the chance, how much of this is to salve an uneasy conscience, how much is withheld that darkens the truth. Jonathan Edwards saved his head by writing much of his diary in a peculiar shorthand known only to himself and on one page written in this fashion he adds, "Remember to act according to Prov. xii: 23, 'A prudent man concealeth knowledge.'"

And yet there are some things that I might divulge to the general reader on the presumption of fairness and honesty. One of these is pride in the name I bear. On theory I am a reacher, through and through, born in the blood, bred in the bone. One of the serious tasks of life has been to live up to the family name, so that I shall hear it said behind my back, "He is a Reacher by name and a Reacher by nature." All that I have ever attained, whether in physical stature, which is not above the average; or mental acquirement, not burdensome; or spiritual achievement, which is not startling, is the result of reaching. I have a large-hearted sympathy with the calf that is always on the stretch of the rope, with the boy to whom pants, suspenders, graduation honors and manhood are something to reach after, with the man who believes that

purity and honesty and thrift, as well as wealth, are worth all the reach there is in him. I have much pity for the man who has come to the end of stretching; he is growing old, no matter what his age is. We are told that stretching is as vulgar in society as gaping, which is stretching locally; but Society—notice the big "S"—has little to say about stretching the truth concerning one's personal income or individual accomplishments in small talk. Plagiarism of ministers and authors! The professional plagiarist is found among those whose conversation is confined to the weather, fashions and the popular novel. But in real life we must stretch if we are to remain living beings, because that is the part of the divine economy.

I am sometimes troubled with the fact that, with all my reaching, I have never reached. And this also I believe to be divine. We are living in a world where the elements of life are different from Ruskin's particles whose packing make the crystal, each one knowing its place and finding it without jostling. Whatever men seek, they do not seem to find the whole of it, and even the Klondike, with all its gold, has the bodies of unknown dead floating down the Stickeen river and out to the sea. Our scholars are reaching up into the regions that were unknown, and the disturbing thing is that there is always something unaccounted for; they seem not to settle anything so that it stays settled. Our critics and theologians are getting deeper into the quicksands that lie along the edge of the sea of eternal truth, and some are so deep that they have lost sight of the sun, while their voices come gurgling up to us much muddled with sand and water, until we wonder that they can be satisfied to live like the sightless fishes of the Mammoth Cave. And we are all repeating the experience of the Apostle when we reach out to know the love of Christ that passes knowing, and find new zest in searching for the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Now, this last phase of life is peculiarly characteristic of the Reachers. The old man of the poem who wanted to see the far-famed city before he died, and started out to find it, belonged to our family. The coin that was struck by Charles V, which had on it the pillars of Hercules and a Latin inscription meaning "More beyond" has been an heirloom in our family for generations. We used to count Thorwaldsen among us, but when he went over reaching his ideal and said that he would work no more he was disinherited and compelled to give up the name. One young man in my particular branch of the family stood on the street corner with his brother and declared that while the family name was clean enough he was determined to break the record of living from hand to mouth; a few years later he was preaching to a little church in the

country without any possibility of ever getting rich, but he was still reaching. On the occasion of my advent into this mundane sphere I was called simply A. Reacher or one of the Reachers, and having lived through this inglorious, unadorned, and indefinite period of my existence waiting the time when something descriptive of my actual character could be added, being a boy with no hope of suffixing a name and being called A. Reacher (after) Smith, I was dubbed A. Particular Reacher because I had begun to manifest much of the family spirit; i. e., to be always reaching, but never to reach. Yes, I am proud of my family name and I trust that when I shall cross the dead line I shall carry the stretcher with me; it is so much better than having the stretcher carry me.

Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions.

This conference will begin in New York city April 21st, and continue for ten days. As the early church opened the first missionary century with an assembly at Antioch to hear Paul and Barnabas, so the later church, at the close of this greatest of all missionary centuries, will hold a conference with its mission workers in the metropolis of a continent of which the apostles knew nothing.

The historical term ecumenical, or "world-embracing," will be even more applicable to this gathering than to the great councils of the church, for in it will be represented the entire habitable globe. It will be distinctively foreign missionary. Its topic will be "Evangelization of the Nations"; its discussions will bear upon the problems arising in the conduct of the work, and its personnel will include workers from every field.

It will be a conference, not a council. It will lay down no laws and settle no methods. The workers in many lands will come together to compare notes. There will be free interchange of ideas and much information of great value will be put at the service of all.

The results expected are: A clearer apprehension of the principles and methods of mission work drawn from a century of experience—a vindication of Christian missions by an array of testimony as to their influence and results that will convince all thoughtful men of their utility and power; a great practical advance toward unity, "that they may be perfected into one, that the world may know that Thou didst send me."

There will be a review of the century of missions just closing; a survey of each field in its past history and present condition; a missionary exhibit, for which material is being gathered from every mission land in order to vividly present, through the eye, the social and moral conditions of the peoples among whom the missionaries are laboring. It will be the endeavor also to make it, as far as possible, a

progressive exhibit, showing the results of a hundred years of missionary effort. It will combine a library and a museum, and will comprise publications of all kinds—books, Bibles and magazines from the field, in English and many languages; maps and charts, pictures, models, curios in dress and workmanship, and objects of religious worship, such as idols and fetiches—all intended to illustrate the actual surroundings of the missionary in his work.

Among the important subjects for consideration will be those relating to comity and division of fields, the selection of persons for the missionary work, native agencies and self-support by native churches, woman's work, medical, educational and evangelistic work, support of missions by the home churches, the peculiar obligations and opportunities of the present generation, and means for securing the consecration of the church to foreign missions.

President McKinley has accepted an invitation to attend some of the sessions. It is thought that 2,000 delegates will be in attendance.

For the Folks Who Believe in a "Free Gospel."

To pledge or not to pledge—that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in a man to take
The gospel free, and another foot the bill,
Or sign a pledge and pay toward the church
expenses!

To give, to pay—aye, there's the rub—to
pay,

When on the free pew plan a man may have
A sitting free, and take the gospel too,
As tho he paid, and none be aught the wiser
Save the Society's Committee, who—

Most honorable men—can keep a secret!
"To err is human," and human, too, to buy
At cheapest rate. I'll take the gospel so!

For others do the same—a common rule!
I'm wise; I'll wait, not work; I'll pray, not
pay,

And let the other fellow foot the bills—
And so with me the gospel's free, you see!

—[Rev. J. D. McMillan, D.D.]

Instead of quarantining against consumptives outside the State the California Board of Health can do better service for Californians by working for such laws as will more effectively protect the people from contagion from those already here. One great source of contagion recently pointed out by the Michigan Board of Health is the public library. The danger from books was signally presented by the death from consumption of twenty department clerks from the tubercle bacilli on certain volumes of records examined by them.

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

"In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall garrison your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Philip. iv: 6, 7).

What is this the apostle is saying—"the peace of God shall garrison your hearts"? That sounds paradoxical; and it prompts us to look for some hidden meaning couched under this extraordinary form of expression. The key is to be sought in the word "garrison." A military garrison suggests the idea of circumstances of fear, or of threatened danger, by reason of present or prospective enemies. The strong Roman garrisons, with which Paul's travels made him familiar, were planted in the provinces which were the hot-beds of insurrection, or on the frontiers which were exposed to barbarian invasions. Wherever Paul's eye saw a garrison it suggested the idea, not of immunity from danger, but of the actual dread of danger. And the meaning of this promise therefore is, not that God will deliver us from all causes of fear and alarm, but that his peace shall be so firmly lodged in our minds and hearts that we shall be kept calm and confident in the *midst* of them. And that means far more than to have all causes of fear and anxiety at once and forever removed. The peace of God shall not drive away our troubles, but it shall protect our hearts from their harrowing influences. That is why the apostle calls this the peace of God which *passeth all understanding*. The world cannot understand it; and even we cannot understand it; we can only know its reality by an inward personal experience. When Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Secretary of the American Board, was going down to a watery grave in a burning steamer on Long Island Sound, though surrounded by hundreds of panic-stricken passengers, he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. That was something more than the mere strength of human will. The peace of God had garrisoned his heart, allowing no distressing fear to enter it.

There is a parallel passage in Ps. cxxvii: 2, 3: "It is vain for you to rise up early and sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows; for so he giveth his beloved sleep." Place the accent on the little word "so," and the meaning will be apparent. The man of the world, whose gold is his god, rises up early and sits up late, and eats the bread of sorrows through fear that some time the wolf will be at his door, and that he will come to want. The child of God, who trusts in his Fatherly care, though exempt from none of the causes which distract the worldly man, embittering his cup, driving sleep from his pillow, and wearing his life away, is delivered from all his haunting

fears. Even so—though he lives in the same inconstant, changeful, suffering and sorrowing world—"God giveth his beloved sleep."

Psalms xxiii: 5 embodies substantially the same idea: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Place the emphasis on the last clause, "*in the presence of mine enemies.*" To have secret and abundant sources of supply, which our enemies, no matter how numerous, or how strong, or how constant and pressing in their assaults, can never cut off, is a far greater thing than to have our enemies completely routed and scattered. This is what makes Satan gnash his teeth in rage—to see our table replenished, day by day, by an invisible hand which he cannot reach, and which baffles all his attempts to reduce us to straits, which might compel us to surrender. Mrs. John R. Mott has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this twenty-third Psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I shall not want rest. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake."

I shall not want companionship. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I shall not want joy. "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything. "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

"I shall not want anything in eternity. "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

H. R.

Very often a man will hear a hundred good things in a sermon, but there may be one thing that strikes him as a little out of place, and he will go home and sit down at the table and talk right out before the children and magnify that one wrong thing, and not say a word about the hundred good things that were said. That is what people do who criticise.

The automobile is being used in Detroit for carrying United States mail to substations. This is the first use of the automobile for that purpose in any city in the country.

The Passing World.

CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

On the morning of January 2d water was turned into the Chicago Drainage Canal, and water from Lake Michigan now flows "up stream," or at any rate in the opposite direction from the former current, to the Desplaines river at Lockport, and will go through the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. Work began on the canal September 3, 1892, and it is now practically finished in a little more than seven years at a cost of \$33,000,000. When the canal was first projected it was intended merely to dispose of Chicago's sewage, but the law under which it was built required that those portions which pass through rock formations should be constructed in such a manner as to serve as the beginning of a great ship canal, which is to connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi and the Gulf. This added at least \$20,000,000 to the cost of the canal. The Chicago river has been widened and deepened in order to increase its capacity and flow, but the canal proper begins at the south branch of the river, and continues southward to Lockport, a distance of twenty-eight miles, where it reaches the Desplaines river. In the rock sections the channel is 160 feet wide at the bottom, but it widens at Lockport to about 500 feet, forming a basin in which large lake vessels can be turned and maneuvered. Some time in the future, when the rivers have been improved, the ship canal now talked of will be in use. In St. Louis the opening of the canal is viewed as a menace to the health of the people of that city and of the entire Mississippi valley. They call it the ditch of death, and will attempt to close the canal which turns the sewage of Chicago into the system of rivers leading past St. Louis. It is said, however, in Chicago that for the last fifteen years all the sewage which empties into the Chicago river has been flowing down the Desplaines into the Illinois and Mississippi in a volume of 40,000 cubic feet per minute, and the result of the opening of the canal will be to dilute it with 300,000 cubic feet per minute of water from the lake. In about seven or eight months the remainder of the sewage, 4,200 cubic feet per minute, will be diverted from the lake to the canal, but bacteriologists say that it will be rendered harmless before the city of Joliet is reached.—[Pres. Banner.]

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

An organization has lately been formed in Boston among unmarried working women to prevent the competition of married women who are partially provided for. They include workers in restaurants, department stores, and factories, and their methods are to secure the promise of employers that they will employ none but unmarried women, with such

exceptions as may be offered in favor of women who have lost their husbands or are otherwise needy.

SERVANT GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Mrs. Milton H. Losee, says the *Kansas City Star*, is planning a school for servant girls. The plan contemplates the erection of a \$200,000 college for housekeepers and maids, where experienced teachers will instruct in all the branches of household art, and the diploma awarded to the graduate will assert that the holder has passed a creditable examination in all the courses of instruction, including departments in laundering, scientific cooking of meats, vegetables, and in the making of breads and pastries, hand-sewing, waist and skirt cutting, nursing and care of the sick, chamber work, dishwashing, sweeping, and, in fact, all of the branches necessary to complete housekeeping. It is the purpose to erect a building where one hundred servant girls can be accommodated as resident pupils, the building to include a complete banquet hall. The pupils will live in the building, and, aside from the course of study already outlined, will receive instruction in the proper care of themselves, so as to make them fit, from every standpoint, for the ideal servant. Banquets will be served and small parties catered to, the public can have fine washing done, and the products of the school will be placed on the market, thus demonstrating the work of the institution in a practical way.

HIGH TESTIMONY.

Rear-Admiral Phillip said recently: "I have not tasted beer, wine or spirituous liquor since 1861, and I know that total abstinence from alcoholic liquors has been the cause of perfect health with me up to the present day. I have cruised in all parts of the world; ate the fruits of the country without limit, at all hours of the day and night; drank the water from shore at will; but have never experienced any evil results, due entirely, I think, to total abstinence."

The Manly Art.

"Do you think it wrong for me to learn the art of self-defense?" asked a young man of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system, or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither; I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I know."

"The mind of guilt is full of scorpions."

Dwight L. Moody.

By Rev. H. N. Bevier.

One rainy day during the summer of 1876, the Centennial year, a boy in his teens was standing outside the Great Hippodrome building in New York, holding fast to the hand of a father now gone to glory, in the midst of a great crowd of others waiting for the doors to open. But it was not to see a Roman chariot race that they had come, nor to applaud the victor in a contest in an arena. They had journeyed a hundred miles to hear the truest prophet of our times voice forth his saving message, and to hear the sweetest gospel singer sing.

To say that the masses were moved that day would be tame truth. New York was deeply stirred, as only London had been stirred before and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Once inside we were first impressed with the noble music, mighty with its weight of soul. We have heard as good singing since when as many people sang together, but the memory of that first gospel hymn is unique and blessedly idealized. It seemed to move in billows, now swelling, again receding, and once more grandly surging—a tossing sea of sweeping song. Now listen: what new melody is that we hear? "There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." Mr. Sankey is at his best; the moving strains move on: "Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!" And the heart leaping in praise cries with the Psalmist: "As the hart pants after the water-brooks, so pants my soul after thee, O God." Then a quick step to the wooden framework which was his only pulpit, and the man of God began his message.

Just what were the words in which he preached that day may not now be certainly recalled, but the truth and substance of them were the same he ever preached, until earth receded, heaven opened and the God who sent him called him home.

As a preacher of righteousness, that righteousness that springs from grace through faith, he was the Luther of his day. It has been remarked that he was not a system-maker like Augustine or Calvin or Wesley—he it so; neither was Chrysostom, nor Whitefield, nor Savonarola, nor Finney. Like these he went below the system; he mined out the plastic truth material, to which others could give the mold of form. He was an apostle of the Word. He was essentially a preacher. He cared little how many angels could dance on a needle's point; he was content to preach that there are angel-messengers of God sent on errands of mercy to a lost world. He believed in God's sovereignty and man's freedom, but could not stop to reconcile them; both were taught in the Book, and both were sure rafters in God's spiritual temple, if they

did meet beyond the clouds; and for him and deeper still was the all-embracing synthesis that they were canopied and atmosphered in love.

Others might in other days have been sent to show the "terrors of the Lord"; others to preach that "God is a consuming fire"; for him the message came in letters of love. His was a gospel of fire no less than that of others, but it was that of the flaming tongues at Pentecost and in a light that ever disclosed the hovering dove. His words were often sharp as a two-edged sword, and yet a sword that ever lingered as though it would not fall. Swift as the lightning's flash his fiery arrows punctured sin and wrong, whether in life or doctrine. One night in Oakland, when discussing the atonement he remarked; "They say Christ died as a Martyr"—and then throwing his massive form backward as for a master stroke, while his head gently bent, he cried in all the fire of inspired conviction: "I tell you Christ did not die as a Martyr, he died as a Substitute," and it settled it for that hour at least.

His influence over men was magnetic and commanding. He would have been a Napoleon had he joined the army. His business capacity was equal to his generalship. Men trusted his judgment, and made him distributor of their means. He was an almoner of many a rich man's pocketbook—he could get men of wealth when others could not. Once when John Wanamaker was president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, and was too busy to attend to it, and when moreover the Association was \$400,000 in debt, Mr. Moody went to him and said, "Mr. Wanamaker, there are two things that I would like to have you do." "Name them, said Mr. Wanamaker. "I would like you to write out a check for \$100,000 in favor of the Association towards the debt." It was done. "And now," he said, "I would like you to resign the presidency." No other man would have dared ask that of Mr. Wanamaker; but he trusted Mr. Moody, and did that, too. In a few short months the Association was entirely out of debt.

Mr. Moody loved young men, and felt it a large part of his mission in life to rescue and save them. Many a noble Y. M. C. A. building owes its existence to him, and many another, like ours in San Francisco, to his resurrection. He was not only a Zerubbabel to build, but a Nehemiah to repair, and withal a modern Ezra, to expound the Word from morning unto mid-day, and grandly to "give the sense."

His was a tireless and inventive mind. The Bible Institute and the Northfield schools are his creations. He was boundlessly fertile in expedients. "As many as believe in prison

work hold up your hands"—all hands were up, of course—"Now put them in your pockets." And it did the work; a fine collection followed.

He was at times a little gruff. Sometimes his quick words left a little sting. But we knew it was the rush of his torrent nature, and he often asked to be forgiven. Tender as he was brave, he would wrestle with a soul all night and weep like a mother over a wayward child. He was generous as the true prince that he was. At the close of some meetings in San Jose a Y. M. C. A. worker handed him once \$300 as a remuneration for five blessed meetings. "How much did you say it was?" he asked. "Three hundred dollars," was the reply. "It is too much," he said; "here, take \$50 of it for your Y. M. C. A." He was always doing it. He gathered only to scatter again, and thousands of helped as well as saved souls arise to call him blessed.

We end as we began. He was a preacher of righteousness—the exponent of the only society of ethical culture destined to endure. Ethics was his theme from start to finish, but not the ethics of utilitarianism, which is but another name for selfishness. His was the ethics of the gospel; the ethics that roots itself in religion; that springs from a God-implanted germ—first the blade and then the ear and then the full corn in the ear. Never was there a truer ethical sermon than that last one to men which he preached on a Sunday afternoon during his last visit to the Coast, in the flesh: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." For an hour and a half he preached to that thousand and a half of men; and then he said he did not want to say good bye, he wished to stay on and on with those he loved. Perhaps he had a premonition that it would be the last time. No one who was there will ever forget that last service, or the gospel that he preached.

There is no one to take his place. The one who might have turned aside. The world is poorer for his taking off, but richer, far richer for his noble Christian life.

"I Cannot Leave Him Out."

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father when she offered up her petitions to the Lord. Suddenly that father was removed by death.

Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side for an evening prayer, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes, she sobbed:

"Oh, mother, I cannot leave him out. Let me say, 'Thank God I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

How sweetly this dear child honored her father by her tender love!

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

We are grieved to hear that Mrs. Farnham, the editor of this column, who is abroad in search of health, is not improving as rapidly as we hoped she would. She sent her greetings to her friends and hoped to hear from many of them. She may be addressed in care of Hon. Selah Merrill, Jerusalem, Syria.

From Africa.

The following extracts are from a letter written by Miss L. C. Smith, whose missionary home was at Umzumbe, the station begun by Mr. Robbins at the extreme southern end of the Zulu Mission, and, later, carried on by Mr. Bridgman. There is a home and school for girls at this station.

"All these vacation days have been so full of blessing that I feel I ought to render special thanks and give my testimony to the Father's loving guidance and protection. My first trip was to Durban, where I had the unexpected pleasure (especially appreciated by one from so isolated a place as Umzumbe) of meeting Mr. Cowles, Mr. Bunker, Mr. Kilbon, Miss Phelps and Dr. and Mrs. Thompson from Gazaland, beside many Natal friends. Miss Combs, from Lovedale, whom I had gone to meet, arrived at the appointed time. Christmas and the following day we spent at Ifafa, coming on to Umzumbe on Tuesday. Three quiet weeks were passed here. Mr. Ransom came for a few days, especially to be present at the opening of the chapel at Odiki, where Sondaha has been working for the past three years. I have always felt a peculiar interest in the work there, because the money (\$40) to build the first chapel and start the school was given by a servant girl who had heard Mr. Bridgman speak in 1885, in our home church in New Britain, Connecticut.

"Miss Combs and I enjoyed studying daily in Acts, and talking and praying together over our school problems. Lovedale problems are very similar to our own. After three weeks we went together to Fairview, ten miles distant, at the mouth of the Umzumbe. A splendid work is being done there by our friends of the American Free Methodist denomination. At the time of our visit sickness had interrupted the daily meeting which the native Christians hold at sunset from kraal to kraal. The chapel is so crowded at their services that they soon must rebuild. Our Free Methodist friends believe in having a 'true experience' and getting 'soundly converted.' ...

"A few days at Umzumbe followed, and I was off again on my horse, starting about sunrise, this time accompanied by four native men and boys—Gebedu, an Umzumbe man who is working at Intimbankulu, and who had made all the arrangements for my trip and

urged me to go—Sihlahla, our kitchen boy, who was carrying my 'outfit,' and two others joining our cavalcade for company's sake. Our way was dreadfully hot and rough, and overgrown with grass. Three times we crossed the river. The second ford was very slippery and stony, and just as I thought I was safely through, down went my horse on her nose, splashing and plunging and all but leaving me in the river. The cupper broke and was quickly carried away by the swift current, but the girths fortunately held, and we emerged wet and scared, but unhurt. Later on, I felt my horse start, and looking down I saw just under us, turning and twisting between my horse's legs, a great black imamba, and then with a great spring it darted off into the grass. Why the horse did not step on that big, ugly snake, only the guardian angels can tell. Toward sunset we arrived at our destination, Intimbankulu, or St. Faith's Hill....

"The first preacher at Intimbankulu was Dinga, some fifteen or twenty years ago. Then a long interim, and then Josepha, who preached and taught till about three years ago, when the opposition of the Roman Catholics, who had come in but a mile or two distant, and the ravages of the storekeeper's pigs, proved too much for him. Last September came a plea from the little company of Christians there, to this church, for some one to come to them as preacher and teacher, promising him support (\$5 a month), and Gebedu was sent. The number of Christians has doubled and trebled during the past few years, in spite of great opposition. The church members number twenty or more, izifuni (seekers) thirty, and day school (several of whom are married men, pegging away at the alphabet in order to read their Bibles) also about thirty. All but very few are young people. On my arrival, messengers were sent out in all directions to inform the people, and on Thursday a goodly number gathered in the little chapel to greet me. The next day I went with Gebedu and Maria, a bright half-caste girl, to see the Roman Catholic school. Their work here is comparatively recent, and most of the buildings are of grass and mud, but they are being replaced by substantial stone buildings. Four sisters and three priests are living here. A boys' school and girls' school are maintained, separate, but close together. Much work and little study is the rule.... On Sunday I was able to ride to church. We spoke from the story of Naaman—the blackness of sin, the beauty of cleansing. We were all moved by the Spirit's power. Many wept, and six rose for the first time to choose the Lord. About sixty were present. On Monday I went calling. One young man gave me his snuff-box, with an earnest prayer to God to help him break all the claims of Satan. In the afternoon, a company of us went to a chief's home, not far away, where we were cordially received and had a good meeting. The chief

is a funny little turkey-cock, strutting about in ill-fitting clothes and heavy riding boots. Thursday I visited the school, which I should class as 'good—considering'! In the afternoon came the regular prayer-meeting. On Friday came an experience never to be forgotten. A young man, Nyoni by name, formerly a wild fellow, has recently been converted, and is said to be as zealous for good now as previously for evil. He has been very anxious for his people, and pleads for Christian workers to come and help him. So a meeting was appointed at his house, four or five miles away, down by the Umzimkulu. We were to start early in the morning. At break of day I rose and looked out. A heavy fog enveloped everything. It had rained the previous day and night, and every blade of the tall grass hung heavy with its load of water! But the others were not to be daunted, and so I was not, and off we started. But oh! the slippery, sticky mud (like Oberlin mud!), the long, steep mountain path, down which we slipped and ran and jumped and stumbled; the soaking rain which overtook us; the heavy fog and the wet grass above our heads! I started on horseback, but was soon off, as riding was impossible down such a precipice. Arriving finally, I went into a small hut with the girls and women who had come with me, and we sat in somewhat scanty attire while our clothes were washed and dried by a roaring fire. The people had scarcely expected us, but expressed great pleasure at our arrival, and brought bundle after bundle of imfe (sweet reed), upon which we regaled ourselves till they gathered. The sun came out bright and hot, and during the meeting the heat in the hut was almost unendurable. Over forty were present. We gave them the message preached long ago in the wilderness, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Before I had finished the opening address one woman rose to say, 'I choose the Lord.' One of the Christians at once led in prayer for her. Soon another rose and another, until six had risen, and as each rose we paused in the preaching, or singing, for special prayer. One who rose was an old isanusi (witch doctor), with her nasty long hair hanging down to her shoulders. 'All my life,' she said, 'I have served Satan; now I wish to leave him and serve the Lord.' Two weeks after I saw this and two others of these women, in their first dresses, which they had bought at once as a sign of their conversion. Their hair was cut and combed, and tied with a clean handkerchief. The former witch doctor kissed my hand and said, 'Praise the Lord, I am a new creature! I have left all the old darkness and have come into the new light.' The following Sunday two Christians went again to this kraal to preach, and three more rose to confess Christ, and on the next Sunday two more. Praise the Lord for the work he is doing in these remote, unknown places, and please remember this special place."

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Jesus at Jacob's Well. (John iv: 5-26.)

LESSON VII. February 18, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*"God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."* (John iv: 24.)

Introduction.

Time: December, 27 A. D.

Place: Jacob's well, not far from Sychar, in Samaria.

Events since the last lesson: The Judean ministry of our Lord began with the Passover of 27 A. D., and ended in the following December. The initial act of that ministry was the cleansing of the temple, whereby Jesus drove from the sacred precincts they had invaded the traders and money-changers. That act was an assumption of authority, and at the same time it was designed as an open rebuke of the Jewish leaders for having permitted such profanation of the holy edifice. The interview with Nicodemus probably occurred soon thereafter. From the very outset Jesus encountered more or less opposition from the Jewish leaders. It is probable that this opposition became so determined that Jesus was compelled to leave the city. We are indebted to the evangelist John for the sole record of this period. He records that "after these things came Jesus and his disciples went into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and baptized." The Judean ministry was, accordingly, carried on throughout Judea, and especially along the Jordan, the scene of John's ministry.

At length John the Baptist was cast into prison. Matthew's words, "John was delivered up" (iv: 12, R. V.), imply that he was given up, or betrayed, into Herod's power. This, doubtless, was done by the Pharisaic party. And if they had betrayed John into Herod's hands, it would be quite natural for them to take steps next against Jesus. John tells us, "When, therefore, the Lord knew how that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus was making and baptizing more disciples than John, he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee" (iv: 1, 3, R. V.). That was the reason why Jesus left Judea. The Pharisees' attention was turned to Jesus, and it was not safe for him to remain in Judea.

In one sense the Judean ministry was a failure. In it Jesus had offered himself to the people, as represented by their rulers, as the Messiah. By them he was positively rejected. So far as they were concerned, the work had failed. It was not a personal following of disciples Jesus here sought, but the nation. His miracles and his words should have convinced them that he was the Christ. But they would not accept him; indeed, they sought to end his work, and consequently he left Judea, thus

closing his ministry there. Jerusalem and Israel knew not the day of their visitation.

Critical Notes.

V. 5. Jacob's well has been positively identified. The ordinary Jewish prejudice did not keep Jesus from traveling through Samaria. It is probable that the opposition of the Jews compelled him to take the unaccustomed route through Samaria.

V. 6. Having traveled all day—probably in haste—they came at the close of the day to Jacob's well. John reckons time from midnight to mid-day, as was in vogue in Asia Minor. The sixth hour, accordingly, means 6 o'clock in the evening. Wearied by the exertions of the day, Jesus sat on the curbing about the well, waiting for his disciples, while they went to the neighboring village for food.

V. 7. Presently a Samaritan woman, not a resident of the city of Samaria, but of Sychar, came for water. Desiring a drink, Jesus asked for it. He evidently, also, designed to engage the woman in conversation.

V. 9. It was evident to the woman that Jesus was a Jew. In strict keeping with her manifest character was her answer. She was frivolous and pert. The words, "For the Jews have no dealings," etc., are the explanatory words of the evangelist.

V. 10. Jesus' answer was a quick rebuke to the frivolous spirit manifested. Her supposition that he was an ordinary passing stranger was mistaken. Had she known who he actually was, she would have asked him for what he had to give. "It is thou who art weary, and footsore, and parched, close to the well, yet unable to drink; it is I who can give thee the water from the well and quench thy thirst forever." He could give "living water."

V. 11. With this the woman's conduct changed. Now she is all respect. Jacob's was then, and is now, very deep. How could he reach the water without a rope?

V. 12. Then Joseph had given that well to his descendants, whom the Samaritans claimed to be. Could Jesus provide better water than Jacob had given his children?

Vs. 13-14. The woman's question gave Jesus just the opportunity he wanted. He immediately proceeded to show that while the water from Jacob's well could give only temporary satisfaction, he could give permanent relief. Jesus uses a word which means "spring," and not "well." The soul of the Christian ever thirsts, but it also ever receives satisfaction in the blessings which Christ gives.

V. 15. As yet the woman but vaguely apprehended Christ's meaning. Her mind still dwelt largely on physical satisfaction. She, however, had come to the point of asking the boon he had to give.

Vs. 16-18. At this point Jesus touched a tender point in the woman's life. She had a

great sin, and Jesus' words quickly laid it bare. The gospel had no provision for her, until she realized her position and condition. Divorces were then as easily obtained as in California, and many as here were married, but none the less living in practical adultery.

V. 19. Such penetration by a stranger was to the woman a proof of the prophetic character of Jesus.

V. 20. And once he was manifestly a prophet, she propounds one of the questions in dispute between Jews and Samaritans.

V. 21. But if she sought to turn Jesus' thoughts away from herself by such a question, she erred. In a most impressive manner Jesus turned her attention away from the place of worship to the Person to be worshipped. As Samaritans they were in error. Salvation, whether they would have it so or not, was from the Jews. The Samaritans knew but little of "the Messianic hope."

Vs. 23-24. To truly worship God our worship must conform to his Being and character. If he is a Spirit, then he must be spiritually and sincerely worshipped. A duty and a necessity is laid on all to render to him such worship as comports with his nature.

Vs. 25, 26. The woman's thoughts are rising. She speaks of the hope of the Messiah's coming and what it would bring. And to this Jesus plainly declares who he is.

Lesson Teaching in Scripture Language.

1. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (Jno. vii: 37.)

2. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy; and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Is. lv: 1.)

3. "And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, Come, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii: 17.)

When We Face the Past.

A rich landlord cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, then a little boy of eight years, witnessed it. He afterward became a painter and painted a likeness of the dark scene.

Years afterward he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a large sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight.

Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again, whether it has been good or evil.—[Episcopal Recorder.]

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Sin of Liquor-selling; How End It? (Hab. ii: 1-15.)

Topic for February 18th.

(Quarterly temperance meeting.)

One of the most conspicuous failures of this closing century is our inability to meet and master the drink evil. The traffic in intoxicating liquors as it now exists is such a manifest damage to every interest important to modern civilization, that it is one of the most astounding facts of this age that the last year of this century finds us more heavily burdened with it than ever. It was one of the sorrows of the late John B. Gough in his later years that he had to acknowledge that the world was using more intoxicants than when he began his life-campaign against intemperance. We have been exceedingly active in all these decades. We have had organizations of every kind—social, political and religious. We have tried law, literature, reform and education. We have preached, prayed, published and imprisoned. And yet here we are in 1900 with distilleries and breweries and saloons so numerous and powerful as to influence our government, sway politics and menace every home circle in the land. And all this by the free choice of the people of our country; for nothing of such public import can remain with us without the consent of the people.

* * *

One reason why this is true is because so many cannot think broadly. The banishment of liquor-selling from our land is such a tremendous undertaking, that they cannot compass it in their thoughts; it swamps their mental capacity. There has not been sufficient caliber in the general public of this century to appreciate and to grapple with so large a problem as the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. We have simply lacked brains. If a history of this century shall ever be written with much attention to the moral perspective, its material progress will come into competition with its ethical stupidity.

Another reason why the nineteenth century has such a black mark written across its face is the lingering cowardliness which still hinders our human nature. Not enough of us have yet learned to look at righteousness apart from some fond interests of our own, to remove from our land the unquestioned curse of liquor-selling. The traffic remains by the timidity of those who fear that some personal or selfish interest will be injured by its removal. If the net results of liquor-selling are evil, then I am morally defective if I allow the business or the monetary value of the traffic to influence me in my decision as to its removal. The fear of some personal

effect has kept us from uniting in one solid body for the overthrow of this wickedness in our land.

* * *

This is one of the large questions for which the Christian Endeavor society has been made a large body. There is some reason why this organization has been made so extensive numerically. It has filled all lands and covered all denominations and received all ages that it may seize and master some of the problems that have been too vast for both our brains and our morals in this nineteenth century. There is a design and a Providence in numbers as well as in quality. A million or two of young Christians are not called out and united in one organization merely for spectacular effect. Great and enthusiastic conventions, even though they are international, are not their ultimate purpose. That wonderful host in our world—the Endeavor host—ought not to fasten its eyes upon too small questions. An elephant ought not to be employed splitting toothpicks. A Krupp gun ought not to be aimed at a crow's nest. Twenty or thirty thousand delegates ought not to cross oceans and travel over continents to spend days in discussing questions that ought to be settled by a dozen Sunday-school teachers in conference.

* * *

The Christian Endeavor army is in danger of crumbling because it does not face and lay hold of Christian problems commensurate with its providential call. It must study with care questions of the world's moral welfare that no other body has yet dared to touch. It must fit itself to master those gigantic evils with which to this day the church has not been able to cope. Christian Endeavor talk is often too inconsiderable. The enthusiasm and the intelligence and the power of our young people are expended upon subjects and plans too juvenile. Themes no less than the extinguishing of liquor-selling, or the immediate evangelization of some continent, or the final settlement of the question of comity, to save the great waste of personal labor and expenditure of money—questions as large as these ought to receive the attention and the might of our Christian Endeavor hosts.

* * *

Try this plan in your local meetings and societies. Instead of spending your time and strength upon good but little matters, take some larger movement that your church or town greatly needs. Study it in all its bearings. Appoint committees to look up and present the various aspects of the question. Make yourselves masters of the situation. Take the flabbiness out of your prayers and the insipidity out of your remarks by a largeness of purpose and a devotion of brain as well as heart. Put a ring into your singing by a

consecration that is made by a determination to solve some knotty problems your fathers are too weary in the fight to undertake.

We are either victims or captives. Life is a struggle. If we enter the kingdom of heaven at all, we enter through tribulation. If it does not come through outward trials, it does come in the inner life of the soul. No Christian is vigorous without conflict. To float with the stream is not to float toward deep experience, but toward the shallows. If we are making real progress, the enemy will put in our way many hindrances. If he does not, there is good reason to think he sees nothing to fear for his kingdom for us. It is the stanch fighter that he resists.

The overcoming of everyday trifles leads up to the strength for greater victories. No one who is appalled by common tasks or conquered by small worries is fitted for great responsibilities. Our daily life, in the home, in business, in association with fellow-workers, is our school of discipline. It is the gymnasium for the development of spiritual athletics. The blessed Book does not say he that has an easy time and gets through life with the least trouble shall inherit all things; but it does say: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I have overcome, and am set down with my Father on his throne." We think we have much to hinder and a hard fight day by day, but the conflict is good for us. We could never be crowned as victors if we never had to meet the enemy.—[Selected.]

The Woman's temperance Association of the Synod of Pennsylvania, believing that the liquor traffic and its results constitute one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the Gospel, earnestly request every missionary society to elect a Temperance Secretary, whose duty it will be to advance the cause of total abstinence by the use of pledges and suitable literature. Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., is the Corresponding Secretary. Relative to the election of a Temperance Secretary in all of our missionary societies, Mr. Wm. C. Lilley, of the General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance, has this to say: "I most cordially approve of the election of a Temperance Secretary, and heartily endorse the action of the Permanent Committee. No more important agency can be employed by our Church than its Woman's organization. When the women of our Church unite to say that intoxicating liquors shall be banished from the home and from the Church, a mighty influence has been started that will bring a large fruitage to the Church and for the glory of God. I hope to see the day soon dawn when there shall be a woman's organization in every church."

Home Circle.

My Mother.

BY MILTON L. MURDOCK.

She gave the best years of her life
With joy for me,
And robbed herself, with loving heart,
Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled
From day to day,
For me she prayed when headstrong youth
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once,
Are weary now;
And Time has set the seal of care
Upon her brow.

And, though no other eyes than mine
Their meaning trace,
I read my history in the lines
Of her dear face.

And, 'mid His gems, who showers gifts
As shining sands,
I count her days as pearls that fall
From His kind hands.

—*Christian Register.*

Taking with Jesus.

HELENA H. THOMAS.

"If we could talk with our Lord, as did his disciples of old, we would never be unmindful of his teachings."

"I am not so sure of that," said the friend who walked with the speaker and discussed with her the topic of the weekly prayer-meeting, "we might follow him 'afar off,' as did one who had often looked into the face divine, and heard the pearls of wisdom as they fell from the Master's lips."

"But I do know," continued she, as no comment was made, "that it is even now our sweet privilege to talk with Jesus daily, hourly. My precious mother gave evidence of this from my earliest recollections to her dying breath."

"Tell me about her," was the pleading request of the one who added, "for I, too, am following my Lord 'afar off,' and I long to draw near that I may lean upon his breast."

"I rarely attempt to bring to view my sainted mother's life," was the low answer, "but I realize that one who never came into it cannot be made to comprehend how literally she talked with Jesus."

"Mother was bereft of her husband when she was comparatively a young woman. She was left with six children and but a trifling income; consequently, her path was a trying one. As I was the youngest child, I did not fully realize the situation; but I well recall how, when the larder was well-nigh empty, or I heard it whispered that the rent was overdue, mother would go to her room and remain a long time, and that when, in childish fashion, I would ask what made her look so happy she would draw me to her and whisper:

"My child, I have been talking with Jesus."

"Then, with face aglow, she would turn to the older children, who realized the need, and, with a ring of triumph in her tone, say:

"The Lord will supply our every need, dear children. He has promised to be the widow's God and a father to the orphan, and he will be true to his word. Let us never, never doubt his loving care."

"Mother's trials were many and varied, but she kept sweet through them all, because of those little talks with Jesus. She aimed to bury her sorrow, as far as possible, because, as she used to say, 'Every heart has an ache that needs a poultice of sympathy, so I will just go to the Comforter with what troubles me, and then I will be strong to comfort others.'

"One after another her children slipped away until I alone remained, and to me was given the joy of making her last years care-free. She had led so active a life that, during the years when she was unable to work, she was often asked if time did not hang heavy, but she would always answer, in sweetest tone:

"Oh! no; for Jesus is ever near for me to talk with."

"During the last three years of her earthly life my mother was almost helpless, and much of the time her sufferings were great; but she always wore a patient smile, and when not able to converse she would point upward, when friends would express wonder at her submission.

"Her mind was unclouded to the last. She loved to see her friends, yet it was evident that she preferred to be alone. Those who did not understand the why of this would sometimes ask if she did not find it lonely when left alone, but she would quickly put to flight all sympathy by answering:

"Lonely! how can I be, when I have Jesus to talk with!"

"The summons came unexpectedly at the last. I slept in a room next to mother's, where the faintest call could reach me. I was so accustomed to hearing her 'little talks' that I usually left them uninterrupted; but that night I wanted to be with her, and three times, when a low, sweet voice was heard, I went to her, but each time she said:

"Go right back to bed, dear; I am just having a little talk with Jesus."

"But in the gray of the morning we found that the dear mother's spirit had taken its flight. We would not have recalled her if to us had been given the power, however, for on the sweet face was left the impress of her joy at seeing the King in his beauty."—[Selected.

The world's need is both the cause and the cure of its greed.

Home Life of the Boers.

Boers' houses, as a rule, are situated a long distance from the tracks of the transport wagons, in order that passing infected animals may not introduce disease into the flocks and herds of the farmer. Strangers are seldom seen as a result of this isolation, and news from the outer world does not reach the Boers unless they travel to the towns to make the annual purchases of necessities. The chief recreation is the shooting of game, which abounds in almost all parts of the country. Besides being their recreation, it is also their duty, for it is much cheaper to kill a buck and use it to supply the family larder than to kill an ox or a sheep for the same purpose. It is seldom that a Boer misses his aim, be the target a deer or an Englishman. His gun is his constant companion of the Veldt and at his home, and the long alliance has resulted in earning for him the distinction of being the best marksman and the best irregular soldier of the world.

The dress of the Boer is of the roughest description and material, and suited to his occupation. Corduroy and flannel for the body, a wide-brimmed hat for the head, and leather-soled boots for walking on the grass, complete the regulation Boer costume, which is picturesque as well as serviceable. The clothing, which is generally made by the Boer's "vrouw," or wife, makes no pretension to fit or style, and is quite satisfactory to the wearer if it clings to the body. In most instances it is, built on plans and approved by the Voortrekkers of 1835, and quite satisfactory to the present Boers, their sons and grandsons.

The Boers can withstand almost any amount of physical pain and discomfort, and can live for a remarkably long time on the smallest quantity of food. It is a matter of common knowledge that a Boer can subsist on a five-pound slice of "biltong"—beef that has been dried in the sun until it is almost as hard as stone—for from ten to fifteen days without suffering any pangs of hunger. In time of war "biltong" is the principal item in the army ration, and in peace, when he is following his flocks, it is also the Boer shepherd's chief article of diet.

The Boer homestead is as unpretentious as its owner. Generally it is a low, one-story stone structure, with a steep tile roof and a small annex in the rear, which is used as a kitchen. The door is on a level with the ground, and four windows afford all the light that is required in the four square rooms in the interior. A dining-room and three bedrooms suffice for a family, however large. The floors are of hardened clay, liberally coated with manure, which is designed to ward off the pestiferous insects that swarm over the plains.

The house is usually situated in a valley and close to a stream, and in rare instances

is sheltered by a few trees that have been brought from the coast country. Native trees are such a rarity that a traveler may go five hundred miles without seeing a single specimen. The Boer "vrouw" feels no need of firewood, however, for her ancestors taught her to cook her meals over a fire of the dry-product of the cattle-decked plains.—[Howard C. Hillegas, in a volume called "Oom Paul's People."

Laid up in Heaven.

After all, the best satisfaction in life arises from what you are able to do for the happiness and welfare of other people. That is the great advantage of wealth. It is not that it gives you the opportunity of leading a more luxurious and self-indulgent life; it is not that you can have a fine house and garden, books and pictures, travel and society, but it is that you have it in your power to help others, to lift them over hard places, and to give them the substantial encouragements that are so useful. But this power does not reside merely in the possession of money; it also goes with good health, a cheerful disposition, knowledge, skill, or any advantage that you have over those less favored. All these things are trusts, and we make the noblest and most satisfying use of them when we use them as trusts, not for ourselves, but to promote the welfare of others. What a significant thing it is that our Savior, who treated the suggestion that he should use his miraculous power to change a stone into bread, as a temptation a few days later should have wrought his first miracle by turning water into wine, to promote the pleasure and comfort of others! The more we see of life the firmer is apt to be our persuasion that we get the best of any power or advantage we may happen to have by using it for the welfare of others. By that use we transmute it into a permanent spiritual value. The riches that we can amass in that way are truly laid up in heaven.—[The Watchman.

Buller in His Home.

Sir Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago a certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off-color" that the ladies were excessively distressed.

When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A.'s carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared. "I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes.

Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said, quietly, and his guest went.—[San Francisco Wave.

The Boy and The Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb,
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad,
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed;
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And jotted it down as it really occurred.

—Selected.

Betty's Gloves.

The one thing in the world that Betty Harris wanted most was a pair of kid gloves.

She had thought about nothing else since Hazel Winters had come to Sunday-school wearing a pair of ox-blood kid gloves with bright gilt clasps.

Mamma shook her head when she asked her to get some for her, and said that "nice warm mittens were best for little six-year-old girls this cold weather."

Betty sulked and pouted and almost cried as she thought how clumsy, "like great red spots," her hands must look beside Hazel's smooth kid ones.

She bothered so much about it that the pleasure of learning her Sabbath lesson was spoiled, and she never noticed how pale and tired mamma looked and how she kept her hand at her side.

She woke up Sunday morning to find the sun shining palely at her, as if he were too cold himself to thaw out the frozen ground and waken the sweet green things.

Some one was bustling noisily around the kitchen. She went listlessly down, thinking "Sundays were horrid anyway—if you had to wear mittens."

She found that mamma was sick in bed and Aunt Lucy was there.

Now Aunt Lucy believed in little girls working, and she had many a step to take before it was time to put on her pretty plaid dress for Sunday-school. It was a very discontented face that looked at her from the pine-framed mirror, though the soft rings of her hair tried to curl up prettily about the red hood.

She threw her mittens on the floor, and actually stamped on them; till all of a sudden she thought of something. The cross wrinkles smoothed out of her forehead, and her face said as plainly as could be, "I wonder if I dare?"

Then Betty picked up the despised mittens and thrusting them into her pocket, tiptoed carefully along the hall into the spare room.

The white curtains were all down and a

chill cold met her as she opened the door. She half stopped, shivered, then went in and hurried across to the old-fashioned bureau that had been Grandma Merrill's.

She pulled open the top drawer; it creaked noisily, and Betty looked over her shoulder nervously.

In a corner was an inlaid box, and a sweet lavender smell rose as she lifted the cover.

Within, wrapped in tissue paper, was a pair of white gloves—mamma's wedding gloves.

Betty took them quickly and hurried out of the room.

At the corner of the road, where the big walnut tree lifted its bare limbs, Betty stopped and put them on. Her slim little hand looked like a bird's claw in the loose kid, but by much wrinkling of the fingers and pinning over the the wrists she could wear them. She walked sedately along, trying to think boldly that "Hazel Winters couldn't put on over her now she'd got some kid gloves," to still the naughty feeling that had crept into her heart and was not very nice to have there.

She turned red when some of the big girls tittered as she passed them and whispered, "See the gloves!" and felt cold when old Mr. Bell shook hands with her, for fear her glove would come off in his big hard grasp.

She could not listen to the lesson for thinking of her hands, and when Hazel whispered sweetly, "I'm glad you've got some gloves too, but what made you buy such big ones?" she answered back, "O, I like plenty of room," as near like Grandma Harris as she could.

She did not care to walk along with the rest of the girls, so she turned off to take the short cut through the field.

There was a wet place to cross, and the stepping-stones were still frosty. Before Betty knew it her foot slipped; she lost her balance and went down, with both hands in the icy water.

She scrambled up, hurt and scared; mamma's beautiful wedding gloves were ruined.

She began to cry piteously; her hands were blue with cold, and one small thumb was swelling badly. But Betty was not thinking of the pain, only how she would ever tell mamma!

She went quietly into the house, changed her dress, and carried the wet gloves up into the attic. She hung them where a ray of sunshine slanted through the small window, then curled up on an old carpet, about as miserable as a little girl could be.

Presently Aunt Lucy's voice called up the stairs, "Elizabeth Harris, what are you doing up garret? Come down this minute, before you catch your death of cold. Ain't there sickness enough already, I'd like to know?"

She went down, and Aunt Lucy kept her busy until bedtime, and never noticed the hurt thumb as mamma would have done. She had to go to bed without seeing mamma alone,

and then she tossed about and thought about everything. What if mamma should die? Susie Green's mamma did. O, if she had never taken her beautiful wedding gloves and spoiled them so!

She went to sleep for a little while, and then she awoke with a start, and the dark and everything seemed so awful that she jumped right up. "I've got to tell her; I can't stand it!"

"It was not so very late. Aunt Lucy was shutting up the house; she heard Betty patter down the stairs and came with a candle in her hand.

"Sakes alive, child! what do want?"

Betty began to cry. "I've got to see mamma; I must tell her something. O, Auntie, is mamma going to die?"

"No, child; she's only got the grip. Go back to bed or you'll have it yourself."

"I've got to tell her."

"She's just dropped off to sleep; I guess it will keep till morning."

Aunt Lucy gathered her up into her strong arms and carried her into the warm kitchen.

Betty sobbed out the poor little story.

"There, there," said Aunt Lucy, patting her awkwardly on the back. "'A fault confessed is half redressed.' Don't wake your ma; she'll forgive you, I know. Now go to bed, and tack a little on to your prayer for God to forgive, too, and I guess you'll feel better."

Betty did.—[Marie Allen Kimball, in *Classmate*.

A Girl Among Girls.

BY HELEN SPENCER.

No one will deny the many duties or privileges which come with worldly advantages. The chief duty of them all is, I believe, the sharing of them. I do not mean just the sharing of money or of outward advantages. Some of the wealthier girls will say: "But what else have I to share?" Well, for instance, let me tell you of one of my friends—a girl who had great advantages of travel and study, and who has also the advantage of a beautiful home. She was one day in a large dry-goods store buying some exquisite French lace of one of the girls at the lace counter. My friend spoke of the beauty of the lace.

"Yes," said the girl, "I've always thought I'd love to see it made. I've always longed to go to France."

"It is very beautiful," said my friend. She had a gracious manner which put every one at ease with her.

"Oh, you have been there?" said the girl wistfully.

"Yes."

"I should love to see the lovely little French villages and the great French cathedrals," said the girl.

"If you will come to my house some time,"

said my friend, "I shall be very glad to show you a great many photographs I have of different parts of France, and I will show you some things I brought back with me."

The girl could only go out in the evening, so my friend suggested her bringing one of her friends with her. One evening that week the two girls went to my friend's house and spent what was, I am sure, one of the most delightful evenings of their lives. That was only the beginning, too, for later one evening of each week found thirty girls gathered at my friend's home to share her advantages of travel, wealth and study.

"Do you know," she said to me, "sometimes I feel quite anxious, for they are so well-informed on many subjects, and ask questions which are difficult for me to answer. But we talk everything over together, and really have lovely times. It is a pleasure to be with them."

Later the evenings became more systematized. The girls would choose some one subject, some one place, some one city, and my friend would tell them all she knew about it. My friend spoke French fluently, and when some fifteen girls out of the thirty expressed a desire to know French she organized an evening French class, which, with much tact and success, she herself taught.

It makes the work all the lovelier when you realize that my friend was a girl among girls. She was then twenty-four. Several of the girls were older than she. It was wholesome, girlish comradeship which made the situation so fine a one.

Comradeship is the most wholesome, the happiest form of giving, for it means equal sharing, and there are so many things to share.—[*Ladies' Home Journal*.]

Smoking Stunts the Growth of Boys.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none as to its pernicious effect upon boys. It affects the action of the heart and reduces the capacity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers because, they say, "It is bad for the wind." The argument that will appeal most forcibly to your boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results.—[February *Ladies' Home Journal*.]

The kingdom of God is not a general, it is also an individual and personal thing.

Church News.

Northern California.

Alturas.—The Ladies' Aid gave a very successful basket social recently, which brought them \$55, with which they will finish the new addition of the church.

Redwood.—There were three accessions to the membership last Sunday, two on confession of faith, one of which was a man past fifty years of age.

San Francisco Plymouth.—The communion service Sunday was an impressive one. There were four accessions to the church membership—three on confession of faith.

San Francisco Bethany.—Three were received to Bethany church last Sunday—two on profession. Five were expected, but two were prevented from attending the service.

Alameda First.—At the Sunday evening communion six persons united with the church by letter from other churches. Professor Nash of the Theological Seminary will address the young people next Sunday evening. The service will be in observance of Christian Endeavor Day.

San Juan.—Seven were received to membership at the communion, February 4th—six on confession. It is expected that about as many more will be ready to unite at the communion in March. There was the largest attendance at the church service and Sunday-school that there has been for many months past. Sunday evening a Christian Endeavor Society was organized among the young converts.

San Francisco Richmond.—Sanitary communion cups were used Sunday for the first time. Congregations are larger than ever before, since the opening of the new building. The pastor was cheered recently by the coming of several persons to talk with him about a public confession of Christ and church membership; also by financial aid, extended by persons once advocating the starting of church work in that neighborhood by their own denominations.

Oakland First.—Twenty persons united with the church last Sunday on confession of faith and twenty-six by letter. The Young Ladies' Guild has expended \$125 in furnishing a room at the Home for Incurables. A special offering of \$325 was made in January to aid the Fruitvale and Paso Robles churches and the Bible Society. The attendance at the Sunday-school reached the high-water mark of 720 on a recent Sunday. The pastor's Bible class has an attendance of about 350. The series of expository sermons by the pastor on the book of Acts is proving attractive and helpful.

Paradise.—A protracted meeting of three weeks has just closed at Paradise under the leadership of the pastor, assisted most faithfully by the members of the church; who took turns in conducting the after-meetings, which resulted in a deep spiritual quickening and an activity of service and house-to-house visitation by the members which the church had never before reached. There was apparently little interest by the unconverted who attended the meetings, but it was evident that the Spirit of the Lord was working with those who were not present. One of these—a very promising girl of sixteen, who lives some distance from the church—called one morning on the pastor and his wife, and after a short conversation with her on the subject of religion, she made a full surrender of her life to the service of Christ, and before the week closed brought three of her associates to the same decision she had made, and the following Sunday these four girls, with two others, united with the church.

Southern California.

East Los Angeles.—Five were received to the church February 4th, four on confession, one by letter.

Los Angeles Park.—Rev. J. D. Habbick of Third church is assisting the pastor, Rev. T. Hendry in extra services, with good results in the awakening and conversion of sinners.

Los Angeles First.—At the twilight communion, February 4th, nineteen were received—three on confession. A large congregation, as usual, united in this service. Electric lights were used for the first time on this occasion.

San Bernardino.—Rev. John F. Davies, former pastor at Springfield, Ill., accepts the call of this church to its pastorate. Congregations have greatly increased since he began work there, and also the courage and harmony of the church.

Los Angeles Pico Heights.—Five members were added February 4th on confession of faith. The Sabbath-school continues to grow; it has now 250 on roll and an average attendance of 195. An orchestra of sixteen pieces helps to increase both congregation and Sabbath-school.

Ontario.—A union evangelistic service was begun a few weeks since by the pastors. Last week it was thought best to call in outside help. Rev. C. S. Billings was called. Congregations are very large. The town is moved as never before by an evangelistic effort. The work is said to be a quiet work, but one in which deep feeling is evident. A considerable number of conversions are reported.

San Jacinto.—Union evangelistic services have continued for some time in this field, under the lead of the pastors, with occasional

outside help, but without the aid of a professional evangelist. Last week eleven strong men signified their purpose to begin a new life. These are only a part of those who are reported as converts. The influence has reached to some persons of former dissolute habits.

Redondo.—The Redondo Breeze of January 27th says: "Rev. C. Y. Snell of the Congregational church has resigned the pastorate of that church, and will preach his farewell sermon to-morrow. He will take up his residence in Los Angeles. Rev. and Mrs. Snell have been residents of Redondo for the past year, and have many friends here who will regret their departure from our midst. They have been earnest workers in the cause, and their efforts will be missed from among the number of active workers in the Lord's fold."

Claremont.—Rev. H. N. Kinney spoke on a recent Sunday concerning Pomona as a Christian college. Opportunity was then given for the congregation to pledge money for the expenses of the college, and \$407 were pledged. A correspondent of the Pomona Progress says: "The gift represented 150 people, and ranged from \$50 to 50 cents. The little community of Claremont believes in Pomona College. Last year she gave \$1,031 to the College. This year she will give more. This \$407 is a good example for the other churches of Southern California, that promised in a conference assembled in 1892 to help support a Christian college in Southern California; and there is one."

Pasadena First.—Thursday evening, January 25th, Clarence Eddy gave an organ recital in the church, under the auspices of the Woman's Church Aid Society. Something less than a hundred dollars was cleared. This is to swell the fund for painting the church. Sunday, January 28th, Rev. Mr. Maile, Superintendent of Home Missions in Southern California, occupied the pulpit. A Girls' Missionary Club, under the leadership of Mrs. Lathe, has been started recently, with a membership of twenty, and more coming. The Ministers' Bible Class will begin its fifth year February 1st. The class meets weekly in the church parlors, and its members comprise all ages. It is perhaps the most enthusiastic organization of the church; subject of this year, "The Acts of the Apostles."

Prof. George P. Anderson, the young Congregationalist who went out as a soldier to Manila, but who is now in charge of the public schools instituted there, is said to be bringing order out of confusion, and laying foundations for a thorough system of education in the islands. He has a high school, a normal, forty common schools, a fine corps of teachers who can speak Spanish, and 6,000 pupils.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. J. L. Garver of Haywards preached at Fitchburg last Sunday evening.

Mr. Wilbur of Pacific Theological Seminary preached at Kenwood last Sunday.

The ladies of the Congregational church of San Bernardino have decided to remove their hats during church service.

Rev. J. H. Goodell is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons at Petaluma on the "Life and Teachings of Jesus."

The editor of The Pacific was at North Berkeley church Sunday morning, and secured four new subscribers for the paper.

Dr. Norton of San Diego is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Wonderful Witnesses." The first was "The Wonderful Life."

Ten members of the Sunday-school of the First Congregational church of Oakland united with the church last Sunday on confession of faith.

A new foundation will be placed under the building of Park church at Berkeley. Arrangements for additional seating capacity are being considered.

Rev. F. M. Washburn, pastor at Rohnerville and Hydesville, has returned from Chicago. He was very ill while East, but is ready again for the work.

The Cloverdale church, having adopted the Capen plan for benevolences, and inaugurated a canvass for pledges, secured \$80 from the first three persons visited.

Sunday-schools have been reorganized at White River and Burton, near Porterville. The Rev. Mr. Milligan will establish a regular preaching service at Burton.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the church at Crockett had receipts last year to the amount of \$237.60. At the close of the year the balance in the treasury was \$61.

Professor Lloyd said at the Ministers' Meeting on Monday that Pilgrim church in Oakland had a promising field, that a strong church could be built up there.

Dr. McLean preached at Oak Chapel in Oakland Sunday morning and administered the communion. Two persons were received into the church, one on confession.

The Plymouth Avenue people in Oakland feel encouraged. The new pastor thinks the outlook good and is hopeful. Sunday the attendance was the best for many years.

The North Berkeley church adopted the Capen plan last week. This will make its benevolences \$250 for the societies. A Kingdom Extension Society is to be organized.

Rev. E. J. Singer of the Sunday-school Society preached at Auburn Sunday evening, and during the early part of the day visited Sunday-schools recently organized in that vicinity.

The East Los Angeles church had recently what was called "Superintendents' Day." About sixty Sunday-school Superintendents from other schools were present to inspect the graded system.

Any church wishing to buy about two hundred good opera chairs at a bargain will do well to address Mr. W. C. Warner of Redlands. The First Congregational church of that place has some to sell, inasmuch as they move soon from the old to the new building.

Dr. Adams lectured recently for the Y. M. C. A. at Sacramento. The Record Union says: "Dr. Adams is a convincing speaker. He told the story of St. Paul's journey to Athens, and his meeting with the two schools of philosophers—Stoic and Epicurean—in a masterly manner."

The churches of this city and Marin county will hold a fellowship meeting on Thursday of this week, from 3:30 to 8:30 p. m., with Bethlehem Congregational church. A brief history of the church will be presented and Congregational fellowship—what it is and what it stands for—will be considered and discussed. Refreshments will be served by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Among the Sunday-school notes in the monthly paper published by the First church of Oakland we find the following: "While the Adult Bible Class continues to interest and attract a large number of Bible students, we can not but feel glad that at the expiration of the course, the last Sunday of February, we will again have our pastor with us in the school. He has been sorely missed."

Tuesday evening of last week the Rev. Alfred Bayley lectured in Market Street church, Oakland, concerning his experiences in India. Mr. Bayley was for two years a Salvation Army worker in India. He speaks out of a varied experience and in an interesting manner. The Rev. C. R. Brown is announced to speak in the same church February 20th, on "Constantinople and the Turks."

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity were nicely entertained at Pacific Theological Seminary on Monday. The meeting was, throughout, one of interest and value. Chaplain Drahm's paper on "Heredity and Crime" was an able one. Dr. Adams presented a carefully prepared and judicious review of Washington Gladden's new book, "What Is Left of the Old Doctrines?" Dr. Pond made more notable a notable chapter in the Bible—the 13th of Matthew.

The total membership of the First church of Alameda is now 340, fourteen persons having

been received since January 1st. Under the Capen plan this church purposes to raise \$1,000 in cash for benevolences this year. This will be in addition to missionary boxes, local charities, etc. The pastor has announced that the sermon next Sunday will try to set forth what Christ expects of them in the matter of benevolences, and then pledges will be taken for the year.

The Pacific is continued to subscribers until notice is sent for its discontinuance. This is the only plan we can safely adopt. If we were to stop the papers as soon as the subscriptions expire we would lose in a year one-half of our subscribers. We ask our friends to allow us to manage the business in the way best calculated to insure its success. It is no great trouble for one who cannot continue to take the paper to drop us a postal card at the time when his subscription expires. No one who is able to continue the paper should entertain for a moment any thought of ordering its discontinuance. It is simply indispensable to Pacific Coast Congregationalism, and all who do not take it and read it should seriously question themselves to see whether they can really be good and true Congregationalists and not support it.

Mason and Dixon's Line is to be re-surveyed. For many years there was dispute as to the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia. This was finally fixed in 1767 by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, surveyors employed for that purpose. At length in the debates on slavery this line with imaginary extension westward was regarded as marking the division between freedom and slavery. A bill providing for the re-establishment of the line is before the Maryland Legislature. An Eastern exchange comments as follows: "The bill, which appropriates \$5,000, requests the superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey to provide for the accurate re-establishment of the line and to re-mark the same with monuments. When the line was originally run in 1767 by two English astronomers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, it cost more than \$170,000. After years of bad feeling and bloodshed over the boundary and a fruitless effort to settle it in London, Penn and Lord Baltimore employed the men named to run the line. At every fifth mile of the line of about two hundred miles a stone was planted, bearing upon one face the arms of Thomas and William Penn, and on the side toward Maryland the arms of Lord Baltimore. The intermediate miles were marked with stones bearing M. and P. on the sides facing each state. Some of these old milestones are standing, but many are gone. In Washington County, Md., a farmer has two of them in use as doorsteps. Near Highfields, on the Western Maryland Railroad, stands another."

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Two Sundays ago Rev. R. A. Rowley, of the C. S. S. and P. S. spent the day at Astoria. He reports that Rev. Edward Curran, the pastor, is pushing his work to the utmost, in order that it may be a power in that community. A boys' club has been organized, which promises well, and will be a great help to the boys. They have a regular army drill for a short time; then the pastor talks upon some interesting theme. His subject upon the day above mentioned was "The Boy's Best Friend."

The Sunday-school is flourishing under the leadership of that prince of superintendents, Dr. J. S. Bishop. The attendance averages eighty-five per cent of the number enrolled, which is a remarkable showing.

The church at Cathlamet, under the pastoral oversight of Rev. Alexander Brady, is doing finely. The Sunday-school is also prospering. Arrangements are being made for a series of special meetings some time this month, and Pastor Brady will be assisted by Mr. McGregor, an evangelist who has been at work in the State of Washington for some time past.

The Sunday-school of the First church of this city, under the superintendency of Mr. D. E. Clarke, is growing in numbers and usefulness. A spirit of aggressive work is being developed which bids fair to make 1900 the banner year in the history of this school, which will hold its semi-centennial in 1901.

The Front Street Mission School, maintained from its beginning by the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First church, has secured new and very much more commodious and comfortable quarters, and is enlarging its field of usefulness constantly. A number of the ladies of the First church, outside of the Endeavorers, have begun a sewing-school in connection with the Sunday-school, and this is proving to be of much use in getting acquainted with the families in the vicinity of the school.

February 3, 1900.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned

Your readers in this State and Oregon especially, will regret to learn of the continued disability of Rev. Alonzo Rogers of New Whatcom, and that by the advice of his physicians he is obliged to surrender the pulpit, doing no preaching for at least a year.

A few weeks ago he resigned his pastorate, to take effect with the close of March, but already he finds that he must drop out and begin at once the much-needed rest. His church has voted to continue his salary for the two months, and meanwhile the church will be supplied by neighboring pastors, or by some of the general workers in the State. Rev. Samuel Greene of the C. S. S. and P. S. will be with the Whatcom church on February 4th.

Mr. Rogers will visit with his brother in Portland for a few weeks.

Rev. T. J. Dent of North Yakima closed his work with our church in that thriving city, and has returned to Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Rev. P. B. Jackson of Sprague supplied this church on the 4th inst.

Miss Rosine M. Edwards, pastor of the church at Tolt, has spent about a month at her father's in Spokane, but has now returned to her work.

The church at South Bend is without a pastor, and of necessity suffers somewhat in consequence.

The First church, Tacoma, is keeping well up with its work; with Rev. S. M. Freeland as acting pastor, but are meanwhile looking for the right man to take permanently its work.

The pastor-elect of Taylor church, Seattle, Rev. Alfred N. Raven, has been prevented by illness from closing up the work of his pastorate in Mifflintown, Pa., and will not be able to begin his ministry in Seattle before February 11th.

The record of Plymouth church in the matter of her finances, whether for benevolence or of home expenditures, is a grand one, and worthy of her place as the leading church in our State. Her benevolent items for the year 1899, as they go to the Year Book, are: A. B. C. F. M. and Woman's Board, \$163; Education Society, \$359; Church Building Society, \$289; Home Missionary Society, \$265; American Missionary Association, \$119; C. S. S. and P. S., \$83; Y. M. C. Association, \$1,000; Other benevolence, \$222; making a total of \$2,492. The home expenditures were \$8,000.

Since the opening of the new year the ladies of the church have provided a new carpet at a cost of \$653, and paid the entire bill. And further, the members of this church have subscribed and assumed a share of the cancellation of the debt of over \$35,000 on the Y. M. C. A. building to the amount of \$10,500—all of which is to be paid during the present year. Eight thousand five hundred is assured by a single member of another church in the city, while other friends have provided for the entire balance. So the Y. M. C. A. rejoices.

Seattle, Feb. 3d.

A Roman Catholic church in the East takes the prize for the highest number of pennies received in a church contribution. At a recent service about six thousand persons were in attendance. The contributions amounted to \$81.20. The coins were counted, and it was ascertained that 17 persons had given quarters, 219 had given ten cents each, 496 five cents each, and 3,005 one cent each. About 2,000 gave nothing. It is not surprising that the priest talked about the church finances next Sabbath.

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East Washington Notes.

By Iorwerth.

General Missionary T. W. Walters has been assisting Rev. H. M. Painter of Pataha in a series of meetings. They were specially well attended every evening, and resulted in reviving the church and created a new interest in religious things in the community. The pastor and faithful ones were very much encouraged and additions to the church are expected. Mr. Walters preached at Wallace and Wardner, Idaho, last Sunday. We are pleased to understand that there is a probability that the C. S. S. and P. Society will appoint a missionary for Northern Idaho in the spring. It is to be regretted that the Home Missionary Society could not do the same. Two energetic missionary could not do the same. Two energetic missionaries in that field could accomplish great things for our denomination and the kingdom of Christ. Rev. F. C. Krause of Hillyard has just returned home from Chewelah, where he assisted Rev. E. Owens in a series of meetings. He reports them well attended and full of interest, resulting in several conversions, four of which united with the church last Sunday. The Bossburg church has on hand \$100 for a bell. The writer would like to hear from any one who can recommend the steel alloy bell, Hillsboro, Ohio. Where and what is the best bell that can be delivered in this State for \$100. Rev. G. R. Wallace, D.D., of Chicago, has supplied the Westminster church for two Sundays, with special acceptance. He has been requested to preach two Sundays more. Rev. Wm. Davies of Second church read a paper at the Preachers' Meeting last Monday morning on "Archaeology and Higher Criticism." It was highly commended as a scholarly production. Next week Rev. W. C. Merritt, the Secretary and Field Worker of the State Sunday-school Association, will conduct a series of District Sunday-school Conventions in this country. They will be held at Hillyard, Deer Park, Rockford, Fairfield, Medical Lake, and Cheney, and closing up in the county convention to be held in this city February 22d-23d. Rev. E. C. Krause and family had a pleasant housewarming in their new parsonage one evening last week. A large number of the Hillyard

parishioners visited them and filled the home with the necessities of life.

Spokane, Wash.

The New York Evangelist for January 25th had an interesting article on "Activities and Influences at Oberlin." Any one who knows about Oberlin knows that the activities and influences there are only of the commendable kind. Everywhere the leaders among the people there are men and women of sterling Christian conviction and character. The parents who place their children in Oberlin know that they place them about as near to heaven as it is possible to place any one on this nether sphere. From the article referred to we select the following as worth repeating: "Of Oberlin's population many are Christian people from afar, who have made this their home because of the educational advantages offered to their children. Among these are several missionary families, with such distinguished men as Dr. D. Z. Sheffield of China, the author of the interesting article in the last Atlantic Monthly on the future of that empire; Dr. D. L. Leonard, for years at the head of the Congregational work in Utah, and now one of the editors of the Missionary Review of the World; and John T. Gulick of Osake, Japan, whose correspondence with George Romanes, which was one of the influences leading to the awakening of Christian faith in that English scientist, is so well known that Romanes called him 'the most profound of living thinkers on Darwinian topics.' The fact that thirty-nine of the present members of the First Congregational church at Oberlin, and sixteen of the Second church, of which Dr. Henry M. Tenney is the able pastor, are now missionaries in foreign fields, evidences the spirit and activity of the whole community."

The Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University for this year is to be the Rev. George A. Gordon, of Boston. His subject will be "Ultimate Conceptions of Fate." Dr. Gordon is one of the foremost thinkers in the Congregational denomination, and is pastor of the Old South church in Boston.

TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

In 1876, in an argument in court in Chicago, Colonel Ingersoll delivered the following, which he says is the only temperance speech he ever made:

"I believe, gentlemen, that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled, poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime. All you have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the fading dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the stuff called alcohol."

As the Sunday-school is the "nursery of the church," great care should be taken to transplant the "tender plants" at the proper time into the church garden, where they may grow under more favorable circumstances, and bring forth the flower and fruit of righteous living.

Conversion is the reversing of all the machinery of life.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

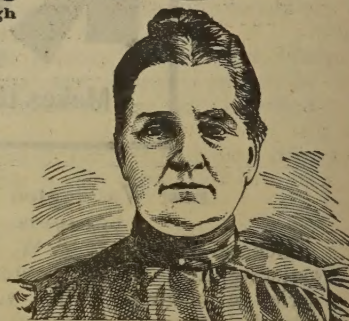
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Her Life Before She Found
a Remedy for All
Woman's Ills.

Nobody who sees Mrs. Mary M. Peabody, of 42 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass., to-day will find it easy to believe that she has passed her 63d year and has endured more suffering than comes to the ordinary lot of women. How she regained health and happiness is best told in her own words. She says:



Mrs. Mary M. Peabody.

"Last winter and spring I had the grip which left my system all run down, I also suffered from female weakness and troubles peculiar to women. I had no strength and no ambition. My friends did not think that I would live and I was afraid that I was going into consumption."

"I recalled the benefit that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had done me in a former illness, and last July I began taking them. They did not disappoint me. I used several boxes of them and from a total wreck I was made a healthy woman. My only regret is that I did not know of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People when I had the change of life. I am now enjoying the best of health, eat heartily and sleep soundly—all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"There are many facts about my case that I do not care to have published but I will gladly answer any woman who cares to write me about the subject."

MARY M. PEABODY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of September, 1899.

THOMAS W. QUINBY, Justice of the Peace.

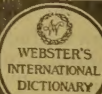
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these easy-going stay-at-homes. Get your pastor and the Sunday-school workers to join in the still hunt. Work as you pray, invite, exhort, plead; but pray, pray, pray!

You may not see a great ingathering all at once, but one by one recruits will come; the fire will spread, and you will find quickened zeal and new courage all around you. Be sure that you go after these complacent stay-at-homes in the spirit of love.

Pulpit and pew are more intimately related than most parishioners suppose. It is hard for the speaker who has a large block of empty seats just in front of him to wax eloquent. He is spending a large proportion of nerve force and vocal energy just to overcome that depressing barrier of nothingness that confronts him. He finds the church wall lined all round with "hearers," and quite a gathering in the rear center, of those who are perhaps complaining that the speaker isn't loud or distinct enough. They would not for anything accommodate themselves to the speaker by filling in that dismal blank space that confronts and disheartens him. They do not know, when they criticise him as dull or uninteresting, that they are probably responsible for that dullness; they do not think of the wear and tear they are subjecting him to simply to gratify their unreasonable indisposition to move forward. Cicero has come down through the ages as a reputable orator, and yet even he said, "the orator is what his audience makes him."—[Sunday School Times.

The poorest possible use for a man's brains is to think forever about himself.

It is not best to try to talk with God over the long-distance telephone when you can reach him with a shorter line.

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Christ cannot do his work without the Church.

You may run away from hydrophobia, because you can see it coming in the frothing tongue and the snapping jaws of the mad dog. But the diseases which carry off the greater part of mankind there's no running away from. They are stealthy, insidious, and come as a thief in the night.

Six per cent. of the daily deaths are due to consumption. The name of the disease suggests the horror of emaciation, the labored breathing, the hectic color, the night-sweats which mark the struggles of the daily weakening victim.

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"Last spring I wrote you in regard to my health which at that time was very poor," writes Mrs. Mettie M. Barnes, of Garfield, Pawnee Co., Kansas. "My trouble was bronchial affection. Symptoms: spitting of blood almost every morning for five years, shortness of breath, raw and sore throat, loss of strength, at times almost loss of voice, irregular periods—in fact I thought I was surely going into consumption. I consulted you and you advised me to give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a trial, which I did, and with happy results. I used two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and health returned as I used the medicine. I have only raised blood three times since I began using it. My periods are regular, strength returned, and I am almost a new person. I know of a lady that was cured of consumption by this same 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and she always sings its praise."

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